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Vol. CLVIII No. 2061 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 22 1939

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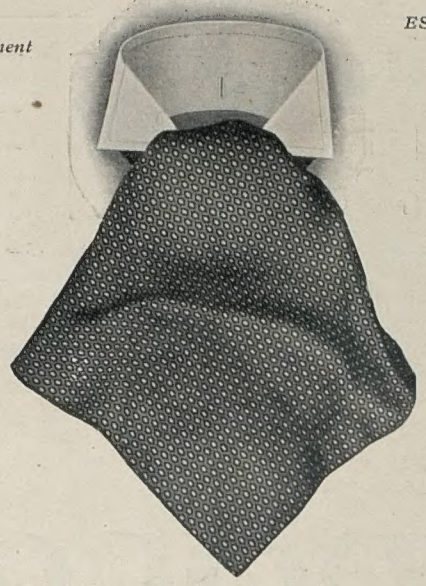

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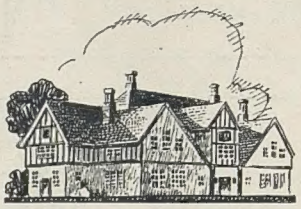

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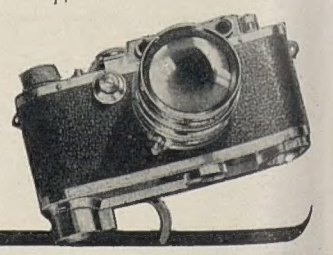

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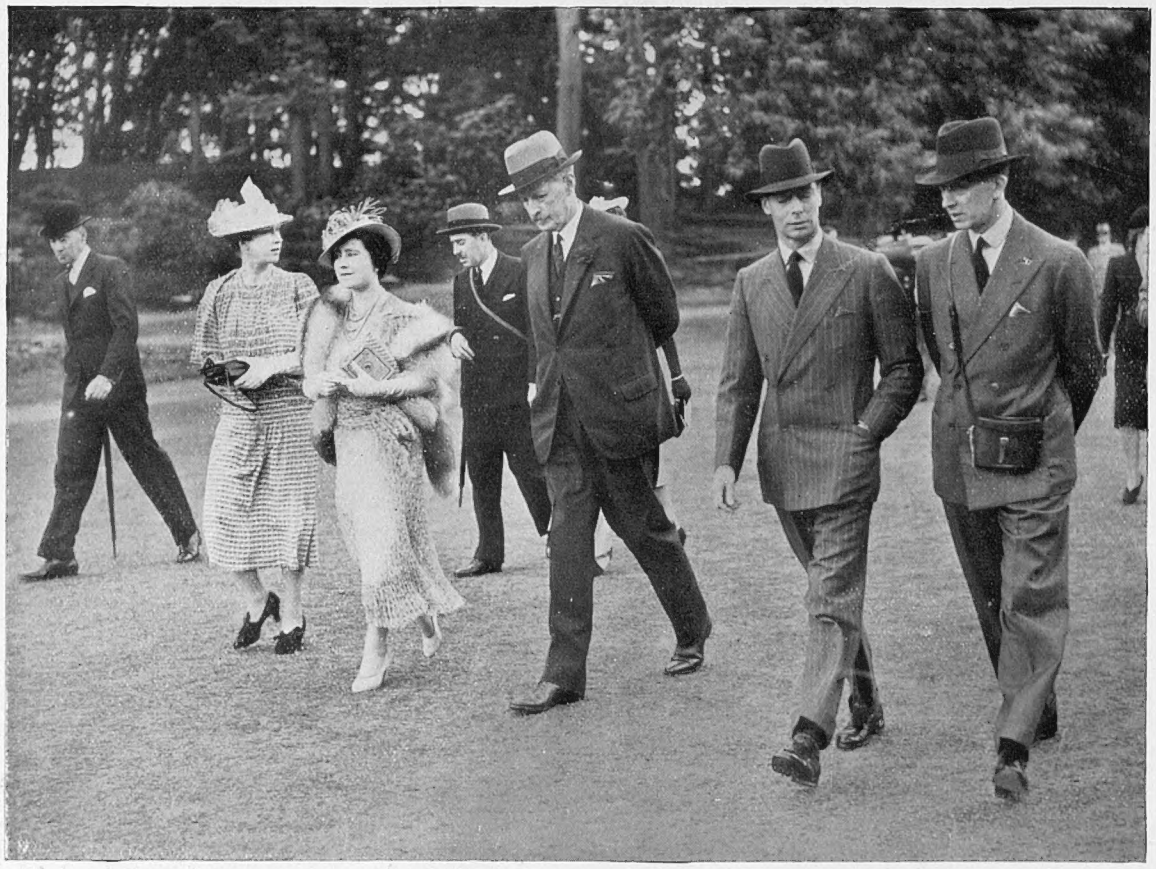
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 22, 1939

IN THE FIRST THIRTY THOUSAND

Some of Britain's New Militiamen Parade at Hounslow Barracks : Only Three Days in the Army But on the Way to Becoming Real Soldiers

"Both for you and the country this is an historic day. It is a milestone in the story of the British Empire. I have been very much impressed by your good spirits and I hope that from first to last your stay at this depot will be worthy of your remembrance." In these words the War Minister, Mr. Hore-Belisha, welcomed to Stoughton Barracks, near Guildford, last Saturday 150 militiamen who had joined the colours under the new Military Training Act, and meanwhile at 136 other depots in all parts of the country young men were arriving in a constant stream. Altogether 30,000 recruits reported to their units at the week-end and these represented the first contingent of the 200,000 men of twenty years of age who are being compulsorily recruited during the present year. The eagerness of these militiamen to take up their duties, their quiet enthusiasm, and their determination to fit into the scheme of things have already deeply impressed the Army authorities, and the Regular soldiers for their part have impressed the recruits by the smoothness of the reception arrangements

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



ROYALTY GOES RACING: The King and Queen in the wooded setting of Sandown Park where they went on Saturday afternoon and saw His Majesty's horse Great Truth run a creditable third to Stardust and Piping Rock in the National Breeders Produce Stakes, the richest two-year-old prize. Great Truth may well develop into a really good filly and should be in the reckoning when next year's classics come along. She has had two good wins this season

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 19, 1939

"NOTHING TO ADD."—

That the talks with Russia are becoming a good joke for the Axis and a bad joke in London and Paris cannot be denied. There is more justification for badgering the Premier with embarrassing questions on this theme than on many. Mr. Chamberlain is quite clearly bitterly disappointed at Russia's ca'canny and is thoroughly tired of his stock answer "Nothing to add." And so is the nation. Nearly four months ago we deplored the assumed necessity for broadcasting daily bulletins on these negotiations. If I remember rightly, it was one of the legacies of the war, that understanding in Parliament that never again should secret diplomatic exchanges on vital questions of policy be permitted. Yet thousands of good democrats saw at this time every reason for an exception to be made in the face of Axis methods. It was not to be. The Russian negotiations have been conducted under conditions of publicity that have made a nonsense of the democratic principle. Our enemies have been kept informed of every failure and disappointment while our democracy has been kept in the dark on every vital aspect of the negotiations and the basis of the difficulties. "Probably before we are done, there will be publication of the proposals"—that has been dragged from the Premier in a mood of obvious distress and irritation. We are not done yet but it is high time that the publicity be directed—if publicity there must be—to the right quarter and cease to be a factor in our national humiliation, which we are now strong enough to make an end of.

TOPPER TAKES A EUROPEAN TRIP! Constance Bennett, heroine of the Topper films, wearing a striking hat fashion on arrival in London on the *Normandie* boat train

FAREWELL, AND A LONG FAREWELL.—

Count Grandi is leaving London to become Minister of Justice in Rome. He came here as a young man, made warm friends and played a fine part in trying to preserve friendly relations between his country and ours during the Abyssinian war. Only once did he shock his admirers—that was in a speech last May in the London Embassy. It was an inexcusable, if understandable, lapse from the high standards of diplomatic relations which he has set. In spite of it, we are sorry to lose him, for he is balanced, genial, shrewd and far-sighted.

. . . .

General Charles Bruce was a fine man, a fine soldier, an explorer and climber of vast experience and grand courage. He lived the best part of his active life as soldier and explorer under the mighty shadows of the Himalayas. On their lower slopes he trained for mountain warfare the scout companies which owed so much to his inspiration. On the heights he showed India what Englishmen could achieve in endurance. To every expedition upon Everest subsequent to his own, he gave generously of the vast store of his experience of that mountain's conditions. He was a notable linguist and as became a grandson of Napier, the historian of war, he wrote with that fine simplicity which distinguishes the true literature of action. He was a brave, calm, jolly man and to his Gurkhas and English friends, too, the ideal of a "Sahib."

ARCHIBALD THE ALL-RIGHT.

—Sir Archibald Sinclair is unrepentant. He will continue his bitter attacks on the Prime Minister to the threshold of war and no doubt beyond. For though he justly admits he himself is of no importance, he believes that his mission as head of the Liberal opposition undergoes no modification in times of terrible danger and that that which, within limits of courtesy and fairness, may represent the ideals of democratic parliamentary government in times of peace and security, is still the métier of opposition under war conditions. A general election is in the offing. It is the recognised time for party tactics with the buttons off, it is the time when fair criticism ceases to be fair, the time when "big loaf and little loaf" lies are baked and displayed in shop windows. Sir Archibald, with both legs planted in the old world of party politics, proposes to intensify his election campaign for his lost cause and to redouble his criticisms of the Premier who carries the fearful burden of responsibility. If in the past year, either opposition had presented a workable alternative, if either had categorically rejected, stage by stage, the policy which the Government has pursued and is now pursuing, even *then* there would not to-day be time for another Government to build a brave, new world. The country is as well aware as Sir Archibald that Mr. Chamberlain is not incapable of error; it sees the weak spots in his Government and recognises the weak links in his chain of reasoning. But, stage by stage in the superhuman task he has shouldered, the country has endorsed his actions and has given him a warrant to see the thing through, and having done so, it views with increasing distaste the little men who play their little party games in this great crisis and test of our Constitution and Empire. Only Sir Archibald is always right. The British lion is facing its mighty enemies, ready for life and death struggle—and Towser and Fido are yapping at its tail.

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS.—

The periodic Pilgrim dinners set a charming example to the world to-day, at home and abroad, in party politics and international relations. Nowhere is the interchange of flowery compliments and loving words and superlatives of mutual admiration so remarkable. Mr. Kennedy is a past master of the art. Lord Derby a strong rival. The things they said of one another and Lord Lothian might have caused crimson blushes on the cheeks of less experienced men. When these Pilgrim dinners are over and the flowers distributed and the sweetness savoured, England and America go back to brass tacks, hard bargaining, and first thoughts for their own back yards. Naturally; an exchange of compliments doesn't alter the facts of economic necessity. But it is the adornment of civilised life and makes for co-operation and even understanding among nations. And—this is the point—it would be just as easy for a dictator or a party leader at home to pursue his national or party ends—even nefarious—while employing in diplomatic exchanges or in making political speeches a moderation of language, a civilised and friendly tone, when speaking of the heads of foreign States or of his own government in power. But they don't see it. They revile and mud-sling like gamins in a street row—and civilised life is thereby dragged down to mud level.

"FETE-CHAMPETRE" AT OSTERLEY PARK: Guests watching a display in the grounds during the ball and evening entertainment given by the Georgian Group, that enterprising organisation which in its short career has done so much to help preserve London's architectural heritage. Osterley belongs to the Earl of Jersey and on certain days of the week it is now open to the general public

FRANCE AWAKE.—

Germans who recently have visited England or, holding diplomatic posts over here, have watched our military training, have undoubtedly been impressed by our preparedness for the worst. One must admit that the latest blood-transfusion-storage drive is proof that the authorities are doing their utmost to leave nothing to chance and, whether or no war may be averted, to

prepare for inevitable and early war. The bomber squadrons' mass-flight over France is another sign of determination which must be applauded. Nothing is more remarkable than the difference between Germany on one hand and England and France on the other in the matter of air activity. In Germany it is rare to see any military flying practice. Visitors to France are not less impressed by signs of preparedness. The new France is everywhere to be recognised. In the sea-coast pleasure towns on the Italian borders, foreigners cannot fail to be impressed by the sight of war vessels everywhere, by the anti-aircraft batteries manned day and night, their personnel accommodated under canvas by their guns. Every civilian has his evacuation ticket, indicating his place in bus or train when the hour strikes, if strike it must. These towns will be totally evacuated by all unnecessary inhabitants and France is all ready, there as elsewhere, for a terrible and lightning stroke against the nearest aggressor. The democracies started late. They have made up lost ground by a tremendous effort . . . and to Italy France may say with a shrug: "Tu l'as voulu."

THE SANDRINGHAM PIGEON LOFT.—The Sandringham pigeon loft is famous in the pigeon world. It has enlisted en masse, as it did in the great war, when it provided thousands of recruits for the mobile units which carried messages across the trenches and reports from enemy territory by secret service agents. Now the Sandringham loft is earmarked for war emergency again. King George V was particularly interested in the loft. I believe it owed most to Mr. Jones, sometime schoolmaster at Sandringham, whose birds were the nucleus of the famous loft and who personally interested and instructed King George, when Prince George and Duke of York, in the subject. They were great friends and spent long hours together at the loft, and over shooting records and natural history subjects at Mr. Jones's house in the Park.

COWES, GROUSE AND ALL THAT.—The women fashion writers early switched over "autumn tweeds" for the moors." The season has been a dull one, it has been curtailed already, and these ladies wrote it off some days before the advanced date of the C.P. at B.P., the final fixture. The overseas visitors have enjoyed our season of sport, at least, and left us nothing but the open golf cup. America swept the board at Wimbledon, Henley and in home waters, and the Continent and Empire have done very well also. The return of the King and Queen gave a final fillip to a season which, unremarkable, has yet been remarkable for its very existence. Looking back on the black anxieties of the last nine weeks, one wonders that anyone had the heart to don glad rags even for a sherry party. It was heartening and yet paradoxical that the Foreign Secretary took a whole holiday for the first day of Eton and Harrow, while schoolboys and their families and friends stayed away. It was the most deserted Lord's I ever beheld. As for "the moors," I fear there will be more grouses than grouse. The Yorkshiremen are in despair and I.C.I. share the despair. Very few cartridges will be burned in northern England this August, and even Angus, the last stronghold of Scottish grouse, is given over to the tick, which has so ravaged Morayshire. I believe there are bright spots round Daviot, for example, and in patches in Inverness-shire. But 1922 shows no sign of repeating itself in my shooting life; and that is sad, for a keen grouse shooter can only look for one bumper year in seven, and I have now missed from various causes three of those seventh years.

BYRON IN THE FLESH.—I did not know that there were living men who had seen Byron in the flesh. It seems that a year ago in the presence of nine other persons, Canon Barber, Vicar of Hucknall Torkard, opened the Byron vault and found that the coffin of Byron had already been opened and that the lid was loose. Raising it he saw the embalmed body in as perfect a condition as when it had been placed there much more than a century ago. The serene, almost happy, expression on his face made a profound impression on the Canon. So he has disclosed in a little book, *Byron and Where He Is Buried*. The accounts of his sufferings at Missolonghi and of the haphazard transport of his body, minus the heart and brains, thence to England, are well known and lend significance to that impression of peace still visible in 1938 on his face. It is a romantic episode. The Canon established the fact that the poet was lame in the right foot, despite strong evidence that it was in the left. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" Canon Barber has a rare distinction in that category of links with the past. At the time of writing this, many members of the Poetry Society were visiting Aldworth where Tennyson's grandson played them records of the poet's voice reading his poems. The records had been made in '89 by two of Edison's men from America. This suggests another tag:—"And it's oh for the . . . sound of a voice that is still."

THIRTY YEARS ON.—Harrow beat Eton! How necessary it was that Harrow should win was proved by the attendance on the morning of the first day's play. Lord's was like a desert, climax to three decades of stalemate or one-sidedness. Harrow at last won convincingly and the boys of both schools (who were not at the cinema or fishing in Sutherland) even showed enough enthusiasm once more to cry "Harrow!" and "Eton!" and bash in politely a hat or two. And of all Etonians present (or past) I expect only Mr. George Lyttelton felt that his world was tottering and life a black and sinister thing because Harrow put a Big B in front of Eton. It was Crutchley's match thirty-one years ago. It was Crutchley's match this year. Harrow must see to it that young Crutchley marries young. Crutchley's (1908) grandson should be ready by 1959.

HOLLYWOOD HOLMES.—Since the days of Sayers, Rhode and the rest, Sherlock Holmes has been fair game for all and every jibe. And since the days of Hollywood, English history and classics have been fair game for any foreigner with a slick movie technique who feels no doubt he can better Shakespeare and improve on fact. The stupidity, vulgarity, ignorance and impudence of these uneducated vandals half killed my interest in films, which only raises its head when men of decency and some education and sense of fitness sometimes get across the dollar - barrage. Hollywood's *Hound of the Baskervilles* is an instance in point. But I won't attempt to slash it because it is one of Doyle's tired efforts to drag back his detective. That is my opinion which is highly controversial. But this I will say: the man who dresses Watson in a bicycling cap (instead of the bowler in which he was born and slept and died) deserves . . . . a box-office tragedy and Death on the Set.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER.—Interviewed on her arrival in France, Mrs. Roosevelt, the President's eighty-four-year-old mother, told reporters the object of her visit to Europe. She had come "to rest in the good Old World after the somewhat harassing pace of life in America." Now, time was when I should have passed that statement with a self-satisfied acceptance of a profound truth. But not so to-day. "Good" is an adjective I have not often heard of late applied to the Old World. It is far from good. It is an armed camp of mailed hosts, cursing and screaming insults to opposing hosts. The peaceful, little toy fields of old England are dotted with bigger mushrooms, and the harvest moon is dimmed by searchlights which chase "raiders" and stamp them like diamond Maltese crosses in the sky. Our "quiet lanes" are blocked by mechanised units and our rustics and dairymaids are decontamination squads and hospital nurses. And our "dear old dignified journals" daub their presses with blood and hum with rumours of war. Accepting that much of the legends of gunmen and lawlessness, of stress of life and nerve-racking speed and noise in the States, is the crude colour-process of journalism, I yet dare to suggest that Mrs. Roosevelt has come to the wrong place, or come at the wrong time, to find Old World peace. Give me the security and deep peace of old-world Chicago and the serenity of Middle-West isolationism.

RANKING IN LAWN TENNIS.—The L.T.A. has wisely decided to abolish the practice of issuing ranking lists. To the outsider, it was a vicious, foolish practice which led to bitterness, jealousy, and nervousness among the players who are far too prone to lose, as film stars do, all sense of proportion and to regard themselves with an importance their talent does not justify. Lawn tennis is still a game, played with little balls.

THE OLD STAGER

"LITTLE ITALY" WALKS IN PROCESSION: An Italian boy, bearing a cross and wearing the habit of a Carmelite friar, and a girl, dressed in white with a Juliet cap, her hands clasped reverently before her, walking in procession through the streets of Clerkenwell to St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, where a special service was held last Sunday in order to mark the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

AN R.A.F. PLANE TAKES TO THE ROAD: When this machine ran short of petrol during night exercises in the Scarborough district it came to rest in a cornfield. Before it could rise again it had to be dragged along the main Pickering - Scarborough highway and then through a gap in a wall to a racecourse field. There it was refuelled and at length it took off for its base at Catterick, Yorkshire, none the worse for the adventure

THE PILOT ESCAPED UNHARMED when this light plane crashed on the Downs near Rottingdean, coming to rest upside down. It was remarkable that no fire occurred. The fortunate man was Pilot Officer A. G. Page who is attached to the University of London Air Squadron stationed at Thorney Island, Portsmouth

AN INSTRUCTOR WAS KILLED and his pupil, a member of the Civil Air Guard, was seriously injured as this B. A. Swallow monoplane came to grief at Hanworth, doing a nose dive and hitting the wall of a telephone exchange

A 1,000,000 to 1 CHANCE: A remarkable accident took place on the Kingston by-pass last Saturday when two cars collided, one landing on the other's bonnet, where it balanced precariously until removed by crane

IN TOWN THIS WEEK

And Other News of A Social and Sporting Nature

A SOLDIER WEDS AT ST. MARGARET'S: Captain the Hon. Richard Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, 17th–21st Lancers, second son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne, pictured as he left the church with his bride, the Hon. Pamela Penelope Cayzer, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rotherwick

VISIONS IN HYACINTH BLUE: Some of the bridal attendants at Captain the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell's wedding to the Hon. Pamela Cayzer. The little girls were in long-skirted frocks with pleated frills at the neck and hem, while the grown-up bridesmaids wore dresses of fine shadow lace over taffeta. Their very striking, circular head-dresses of blue tulle were worn with velvet bows and sprays of flowers matching their bouquets

GRACIE FIELDS GOES HOME: The comedienne, who has made a fine recovery from the operation she underwent some weeks ago in the Chelsea Hospital, being assisted from her car on arrival at her house at Peacehaven, near Brighton

THE LYCEUM'S LAST AUDIENCE: Buyers occupied the stalls of the old theatre on July 17 and made bids for the furniture and props, all of which were auctioned in view of the coming demolition of the building. The Lyceum was for long the home of melodrama, and it was there as Mathias, in *The Bells*, an English version of Erckmann-Chatrian's *Le Juif Polonais*, that Irving suddenly leapt to fame. He began his own management of the Lyceum by playing Hamlet to the Ophelia of Ellen Terry

KEEP-FIT GIRLS GO TO SCANDINAVIA: Earl de la Warr, President of the Board of Education, bidding good-bye to Lady David Douglas-Hamilton as she was about to leave London with twenty teacher-members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty en route for Stockholm, where they are now taking part in the International Gymnastic Festival

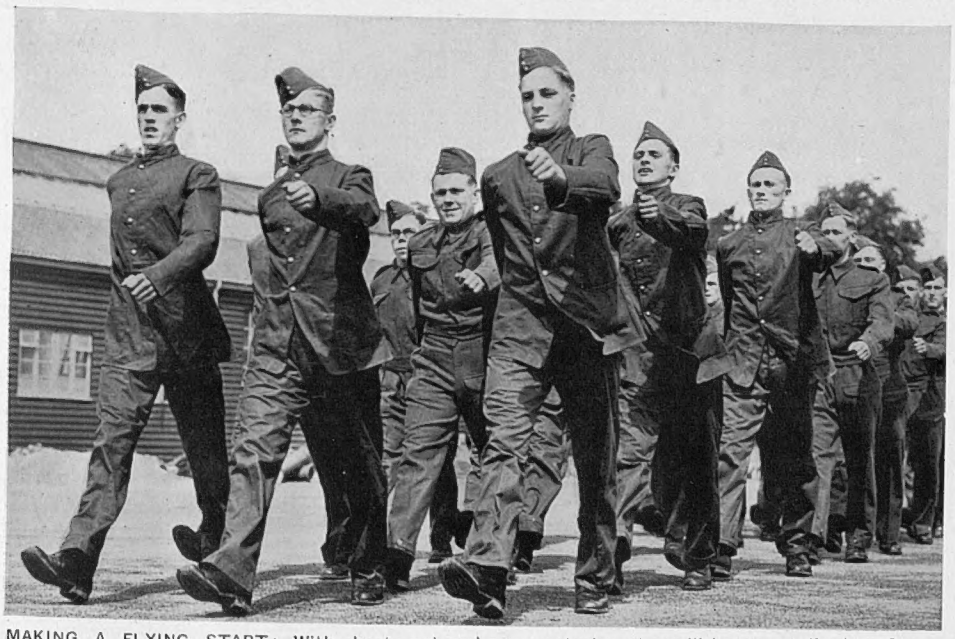
A BISLEY TRIUMPH AT THE TENTH ATTEMPT: Captain T. S. Smith, formerly of the 5th Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment, being chaired by his colleagues and by spectators after his victory in the King's Prize, most coveted of all shooting awards. Captain Smith had fired nine times previously in the King's final stage, and during recent years he has had a number of successes at the Imperial meeting, these including victory in the Grand Aggregate. Runner up in the King's Prize was Miss M. G. Foster who won in 1930. This year she was within only four points of the winner

BRITAIN'S FIRST MILITIAMEN JOIN THE COLOURS

And the Regulars Give them a Great Welcome

THE "MILITIA SPECIAL" DRAWS OUT OF WATERLOO: Relatives and friends waving good-bye to a large party of conscripts as they left for Aldershot at the start of their six months period of training. Altogether 30,000 men joined up last Saturday, and they represented the first contingent of the 200,000 who will reinforce the growing Regular Army this year. This is the first time in Britain's history that men have carried out compulsory military service in time of peace

FIRST ARRIVALS AT HOUNSLOW BARRACKS reporting their presence to N.C.O.s, who check their names off on a list as they go by. Although the men were allowed until 9 p.m. last Saturday to report, most of them had arrived by mid-day and they seemed eager to start their new life

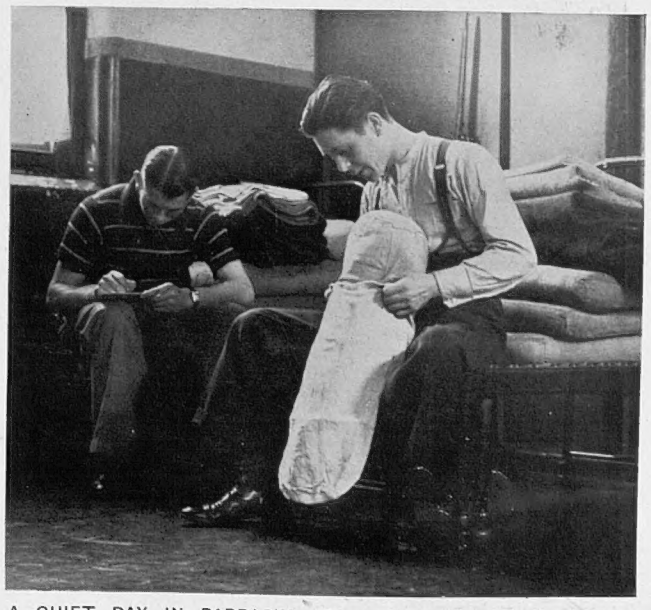


MAKING A FLYING START: With chests out and arms swinging the militiamen at Ewshot Camp, near Aldershot, demonstrate unmistakably that they have the makings of good soldiers

Shortly after 1 a.m. last Saturday morning a militiaman presented himself for service—an act calculated to awake the old Adam in even the mildest N.C.O. But the Army was equal to the occasion; the recruit was made welcome, he was conducted to his quarters, and the first test of an elaborately planned system was thus successfully surmounted. Within another eight hours recruits were pouring into the depots in all parts of the country, and by nightfall all but a sprinkling of the first 30,000 militiamen had been checked in. One militiaman, who had only been married a week, turned up at Crookham Camp, near Aldershot, in company with his wife. Another man arrived at Aldershot in a Rolls-Royce driven by a uniformed chauffeur, and there he transferred to a waiting lorry and was taken on to camp. Saturday, July 15, was indeed a day packed with incident, but, more important than that, it was a day of the utmost goodwill in which the Regulars did everything possible to welcome the newcomers

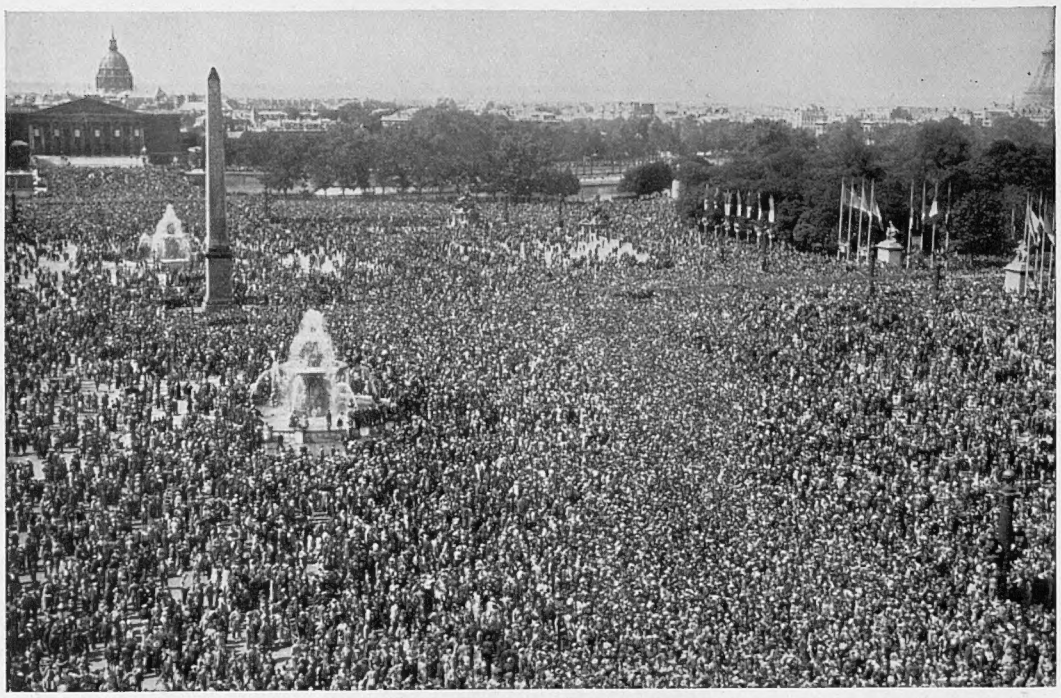
THE REGULATION METHOD OF DISPLAYING EQUIPMENT is rehearsed by the militiamen during their first day at the Kingston Barracks of the East Surrey Regiment. At most of the barracks last Sunday was spent in issuing the militiamen with uniforms, rifles, steel helmets, gas masks, and clothing

SIZING UP THE NEW ARRIVALS: Lieut.-General Sir John G. Dill, G.-O.-C.-in-C., Aldershot Command, inspecting the militiamen at the R.A.S.C. Militia Training Station at Crookham Camp

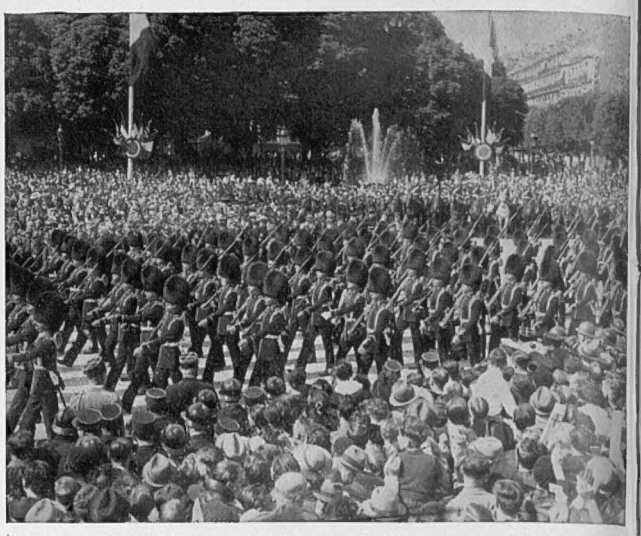


A QUIET DAY IN BARRACKS: Two militiamen in their quarters at the militia depot of the Queen's Royal Regiment at Guildford. While one man writes a letter home describing his first impressions, another prepares his bedding for the night

BASTILLE DAY, 1939: FRENCH AND BRITISH TROOPS MARCH THROUGH PARIS IN A DEMONSTRATION OF SOLIDARITY



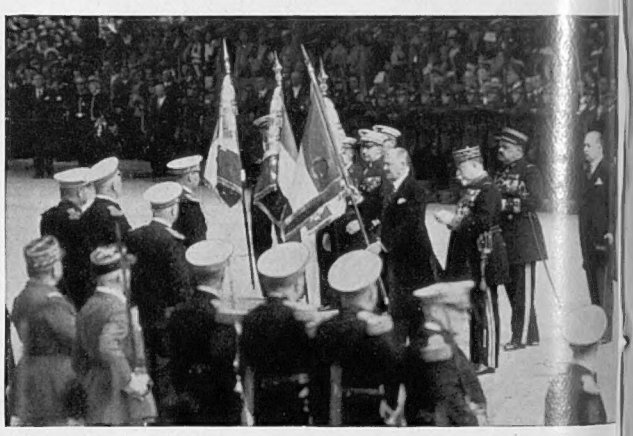
"COMPRESSION COULD GO NO FURTHER" was one newspaper comment on the immense crowds which turned out in Paris on Bastille Day, July 14, to witness the traditional march-past of 30,000 men drawn from every part of the French Empire and of British detachments whose presence clearly betokened the immense link that has been forged between the two great Western democracies. This picture was taken in the Place de la Concorde just after the procession had passed



"VIVE L'ANGLETERRE, VIVE LA GARDE" rose the cry as contingents drawn from the Grenadier, Coldstream, Irish, Scots, and Welsh Guards swung down the Champs Elysées through crowds as great as Paris can have seen in modern times

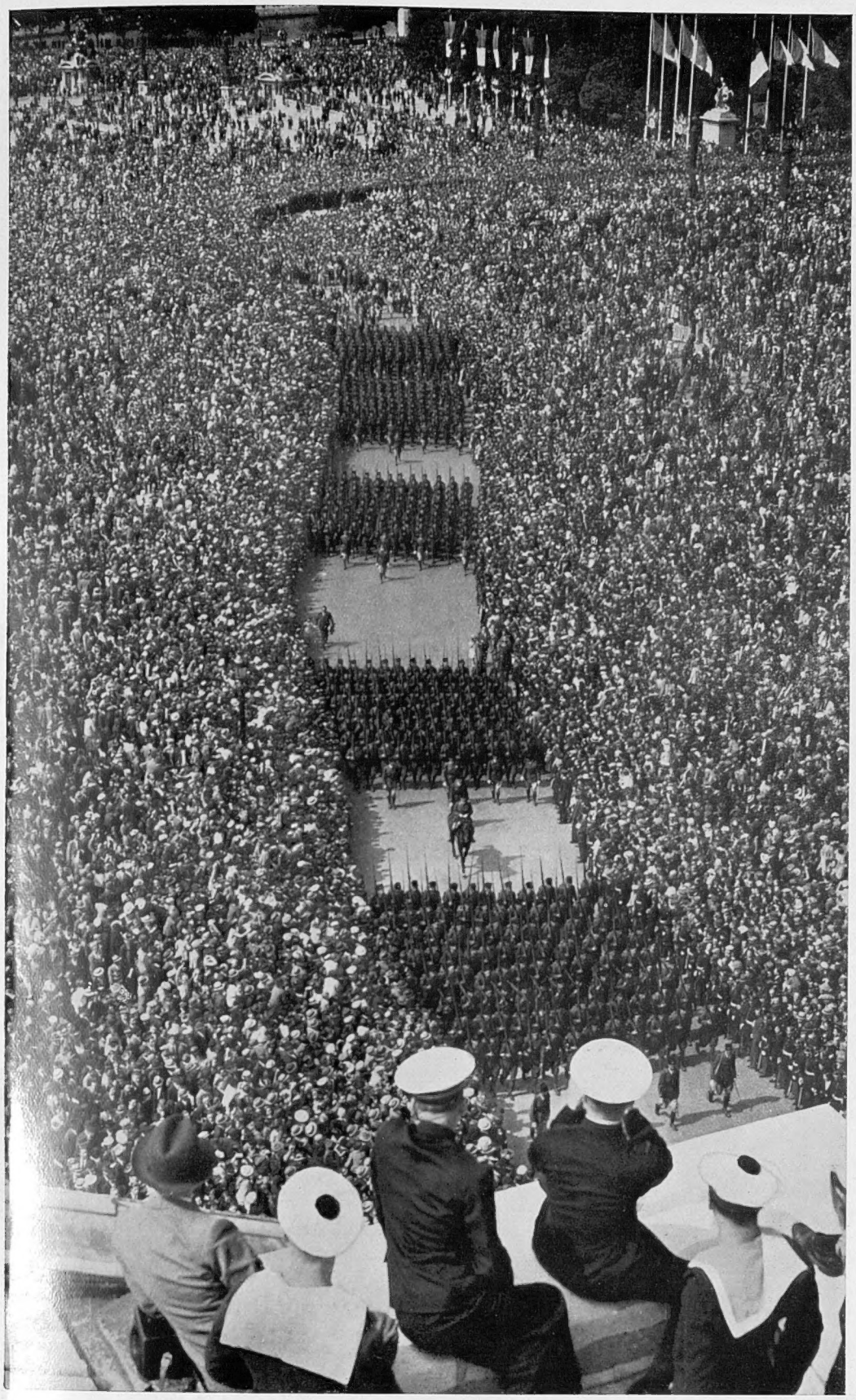
THE BRITISH SAILORS GO BY: Another detachment that aroused popular enthusiasm in the big parade through Paris. It was clear that the significance attaching to the presence of the British forces deeply impressed the spectators

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: Admiral Sir Edward Evans, representing the First Sea Lord, Viscount Gort, V.C., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and General Gamelin, the French C.-in-C., taking the salute at the march-past at which, militarily speaking, Britain and France proclaimed themselves as one. Never before have foreign military chiefs taken the salute beside their French colleagues at a July 14 parade



PRESIDENT LEBRUN PRESENTS NEW REGIMENTAL COLOURS: An incident before the march-past in the Champs Elysées. The President has only recently entered upon a second term of office and his prestige now stands higher than ever

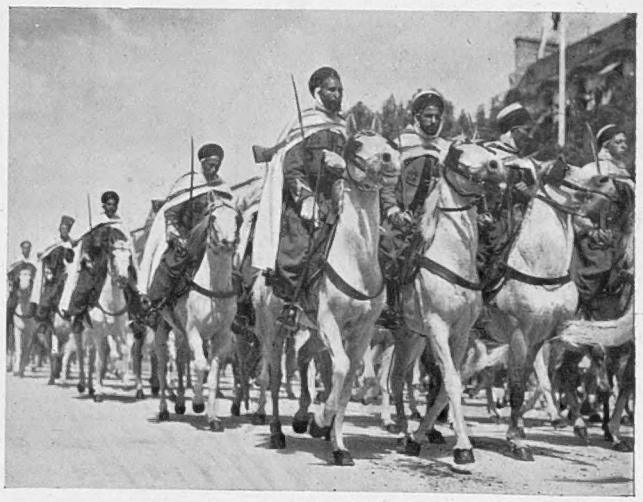
ON THE MINISTERIAL TRIBUNE: French Navy Minister Campinchi (wearing glasses), French Premier and War Minister Daladier, British War Minister Hore-Belisha, and French Air Minister Guy Le Chambre watching the march-past from their stand



"LE GRANDIOSE DEFILE DU 14 JUILLET": French colonial troops marching through the Place de la Concorde where, such was the size of the crowd, they were only given just room to pass. Many of the people had gathered at dawn in order to watch the parade and, after cheerfully enduring hours of discomfort, they reaped a rich reward. Conditions for the parade were perfect, with just enough scattered cloud to keep the heat in check and a breeze to refresh the waiting multitude

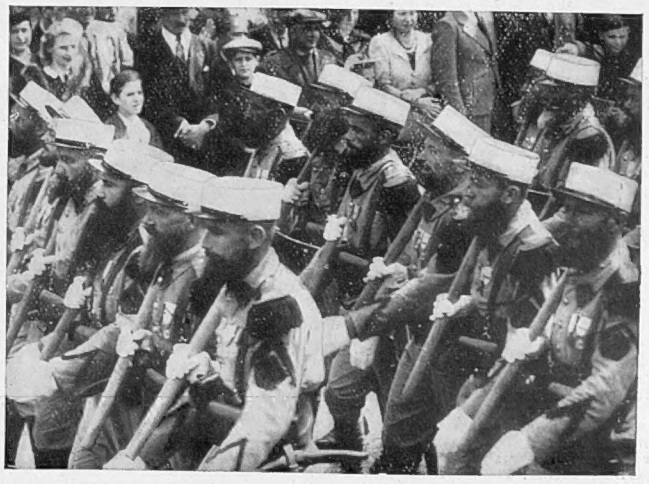
FRENCH COLONIAL DRUMMERS FILE BY: A spectacular detachment in the long line of marching men which took approximately two-and-a-half hours to pass before the Presidential Tribune

WITH RIFLES ON THE RIGHT SHOULDER AND BAYONETS FIXED, these picturesquely-clad colonial troops made a brave display as they took part in the march-past through the streets of the city

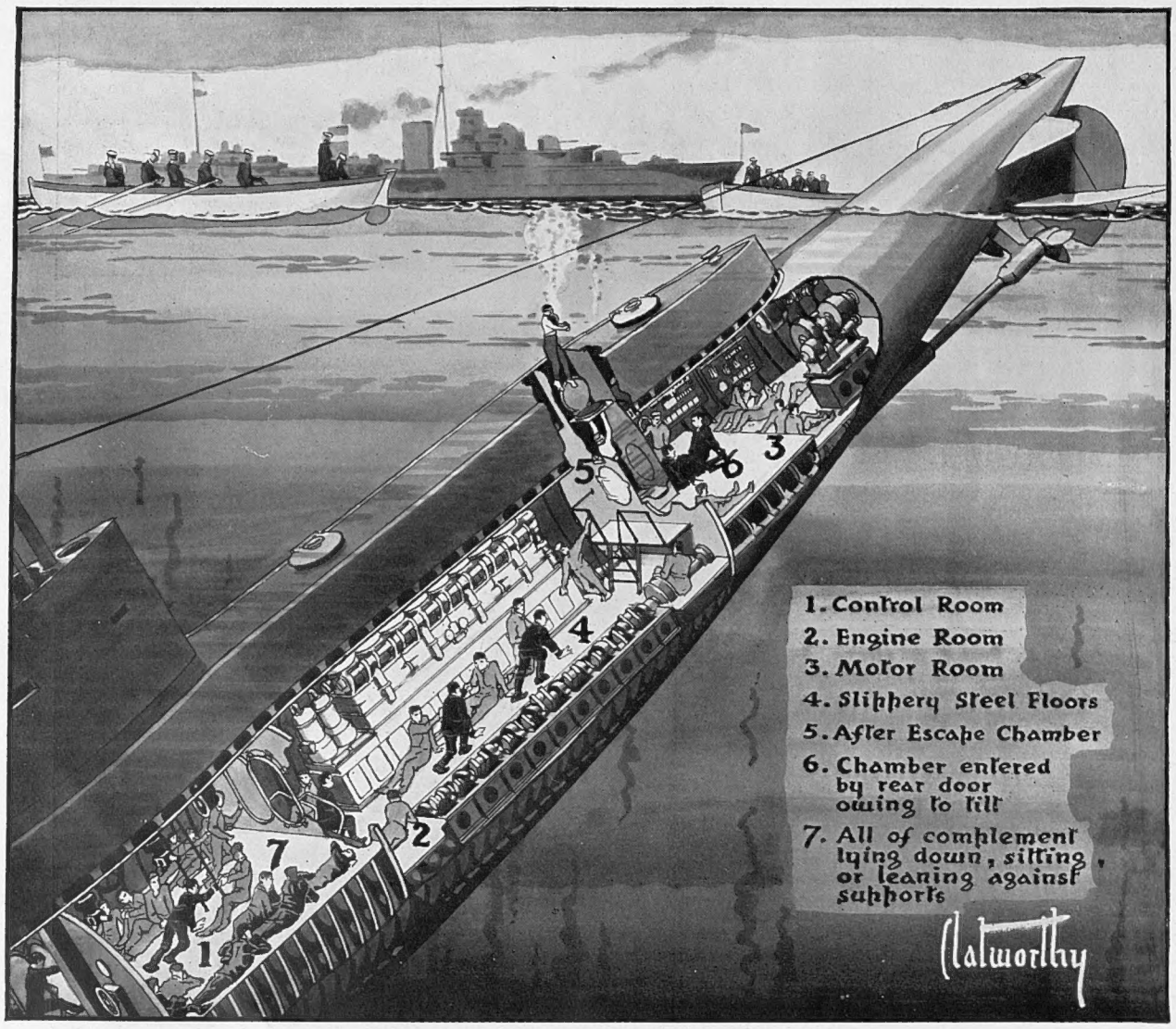


ROMANTIC FIGURES OF THE DESERT: The Spahis from Algeria and Morocco, fighting men who are always popular in the public mind, brought up the rear of the long procession. With their flowing white capes, black hoods, and brown turbans they raced past, twelve abreast, on white and dappled Arab horses

M. LEBRUN ENTERTAINS DISTINGUISHED OVERSEAS VISITORS: The French President with rulers from many parts of the Colonial Empire in the grounds of the Elysée Palace where he received them at a garden party on the afternoon of Bastille Day. Later the President sent a telegram to King George stating: "The magnificent bearing of your troops has evoked the admiration of all"



FOR THEM THE BIGGEST CHEER OF ALL: Marching more steadily than French troops, their pace being similar to that of British infantry, these bearded men from the Foreign Legion, who had been specially brought to France, and who had never before appeared at any July 14 parade, received immense applause



AS THE END DREW NEAR: This diagrammatic drawing has been specially made for "The Sphere" to illustrate the remarks of Captain Oram when he described at an early stage of the *Thetis* inquiry how he made his way to the Davis escape chamber and then came up to the surface. "During the slow passage aft through the submarine which, as she was at an angle of 35 deg., was difficult," declared Captain Oram, "I found the men cheerful and willingly lending us a hand to get up. The climb was exhausting and it took me nearly a quarter of an hour to get sufficient breath to enter the chamber"

DRAMATIC PHASES OF THE "THETIS" DISASTER

As Revealed at the Law Courts Tribunal

This week the *Thetis* inquiry was still proceeding at the Law Courts and much evidence of a dramatic nature was brought to light.

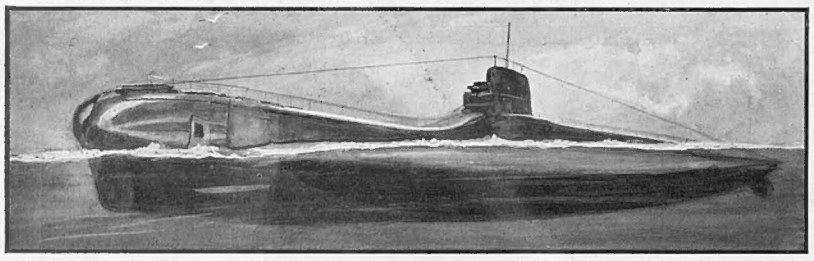
On this page are reproduced a series of sketch maps and diagrams to help clarify some of the points made in the course of evidence, while in the following notes Frank C. Bowen describes exactly what happens when a submarine dives.

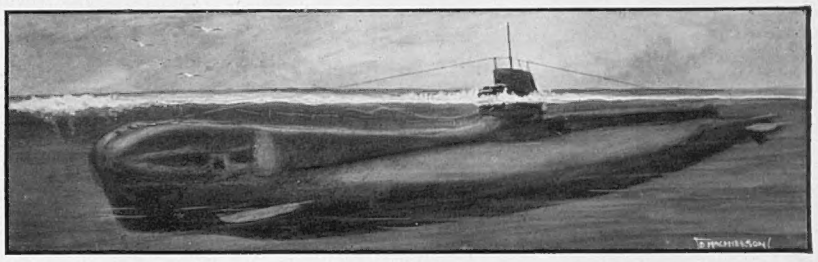
When a submarine is on the surface, writes Mr. Bowen, the air inside her hull gives her buoyancy. She would go down easily if ballast tanks were filled with enough water to overcome this buoyancy, but she would not easily come up again. But if the ballast tanks are filled just enough to reduce this buoyancy to the minimum necessary to bring her to the surface she can be forced down and navigated at just the required depth by the horizontal rudders or hydroplanes which steer her up and down — as long as she is being driven forward — just as the ordinary rudder steers her from side to side.

The sharp dividing line between the positive buoyancy which will bring her to the surface and the negative buoyancy which will take her down is neutral buoyancy and is very delicate. The use of highly compressed air permits water in the tanks to be "blown out" and positive buoyancy restored.

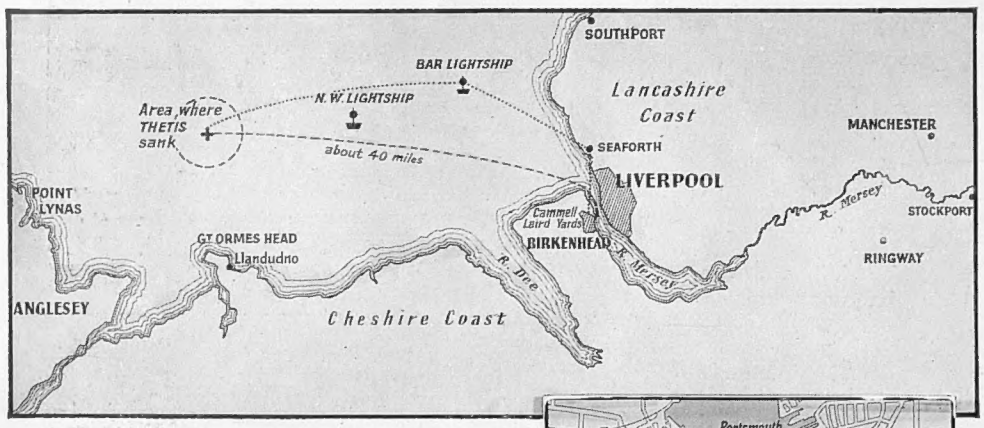
It is easy to understand the importance of the commander knowing the trim of the ship, otherwise the use of the hydroplanes would be liable to send her crashing to the bottom.

When the six bow torpedo tubes are loaded the weight tends to keep the bow down; when there are no torpedoes on board, the weight must be made up with water or she will always be trying to come to the surface.

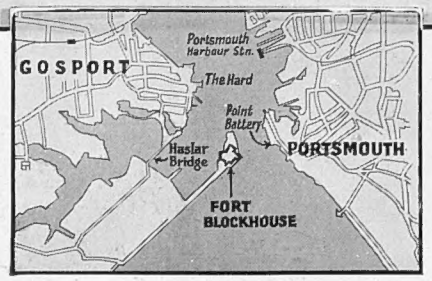




TWO PHASES OF THE FATAL DIVE of the *Thetis* are shown in these drawings by Douglas Macpherson. He has based them on the evidence of eye-witnesses who watched the dive from the deck of the attendant tug *Grebecock* and who at the time noticed certain abnormalities. First there was the gradual rising of the bows, as mentioned by Lieut. Coltart and indicating lightness forward, and then, in the words of Victor Crosby, a naval wireless telegraphist, the *Thetis* levelled herself and went down until her gun was awash and her conning tower was just showing above the water. She remained like that for a short time and then dropped down "as if pushed like a round stick into a deep pond." He indicated very clearly that the *Thetis* submerged more quickly than was to be expected

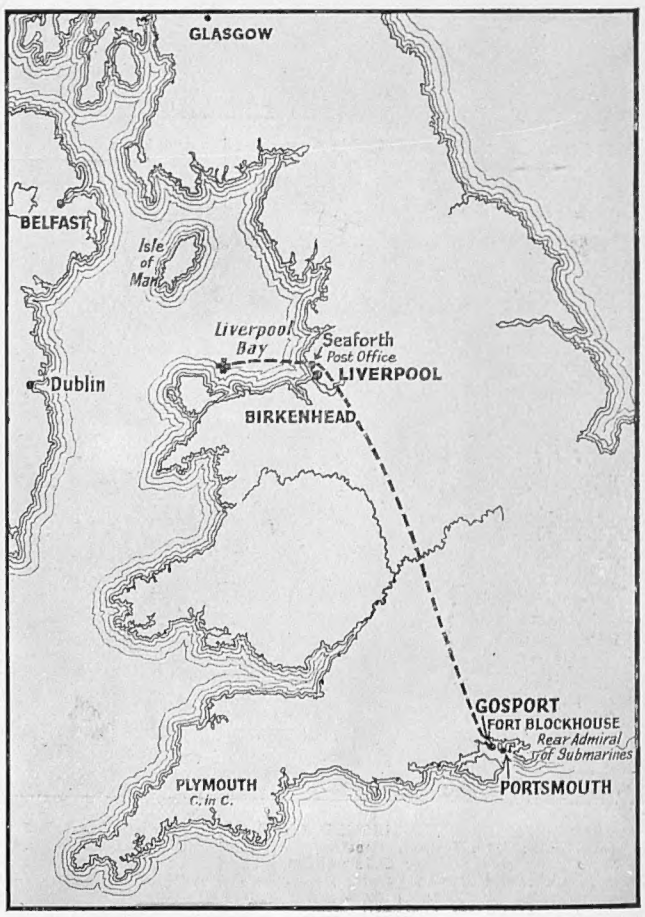


WHERE THE "THETIS" SANK: A sketch map of Liverpool Bay showing the distance between the mouth of the Mersey and the scene of salvage operations. In giving evidence last Monday Commander H. V. Hart, R.N.R. (Ret.), Surveyor and Water Bailiff of Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, stated that in his opinion no good purpose could have been served by sending the camels to the scene at an earlier hour. "If I had had camels alongside while survivors were endeavouring to come up," he declared, "I could not imagine anything more likely to interfere with their escape"



Inset above on right—
THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE UNDER-WATER FLEET: A sketch map showing the situation of Fort Blockhouse where, according to Commander L. M. Shadwell, who gave evidence at the inquiry on July 13, boards are kept on which are entered the names of submarines diving, their times of diving, the period for which they are to dive, the diving position, and the time at which they are due to surface. The signal sent by the *Thetis* at 1.40 on the fatal day gave all the material for filling in these details except the time she was to surface. After the regulation three hours had passed a series of emergency calls was put through to the Admiralty, the C.-in-C. at neighbouring Portsmouth, and Cammell Laird's at Birkenhead,

On right—
THE QUESTION OF TIME LAG in the delivery of messages between the *Grebecock*, the tug attending the *Thetis*, and Fort Blockhouse was discussed before Mr. Justice Bucknill on July 13. It appears that the *Grebecock's* request to be informed of the duration of the submarine's dive was sent out at 3.45 p.m., and did not reach Fort Blockhouse until 6.15 p.m. The message had gone through Seaforth radio station and the ordinary Post Office telegram service. The relative positions of Seaforth and Fort Blockhouse are shown on this sketch map



NAVAL OCCASIONS:

H.M.S. "Edinburgh" and H.M.S. "Pelican" Run Their Acceptance Trials — The Duchess of Kent Re-names the Cruiser "Amphion," a New Addition to the Australian Navy

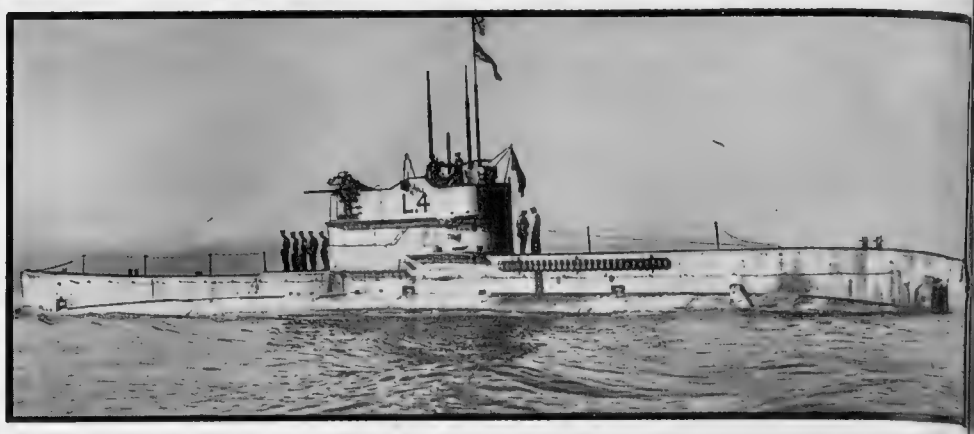
A NEW NAVAL SILHOUETTE: H.M.S. *Edinburgh*, the improved Southampton class cruiser, pictured as she made her way under her own power towards the Tyne piers before running her acceptance trials. There are at present no more formidable cruisers in the world than the Southamptons, which have been built largely as a reply to Japan's Mogami class, although Lieut.-Commander Fletcher speaking in Parliament last week raised the point that Germany is now laying down cruisers of potentially superior fighting powers. To the layman the *Edinburgh* presents a novel appearance, being heavily built-up aft

TO GUARD OUR FOOD LANES IN TIME OF WAR: The new escort vessel *Pelican* steaming down the Solent when running her acceptance trials following completion by Messrs. Thornycroft. The *Pelican*, which has a displacement of 1,100 tons, a length of 276 ft., and a speed of 19¼ knots, is the first of her class and is intended for the protection of commerce in narrow waters, such as the English Channel. The Navy is at the moment paying special attention to ships of this kind and they have an additional value in that they provide training in responsible command for the younger officers in the fleet

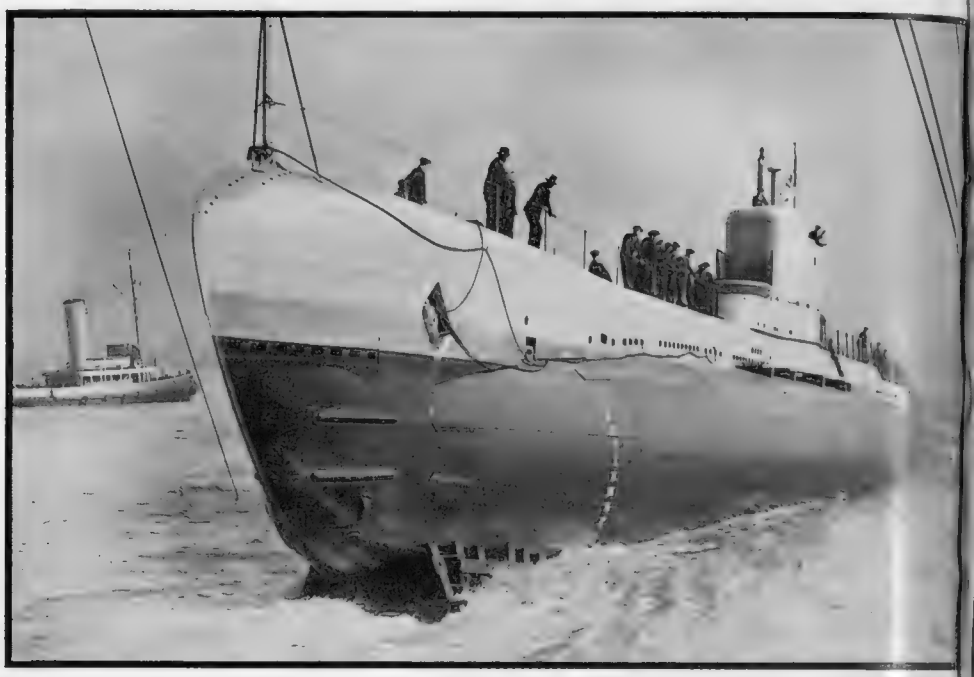
A NEW ADDITION TO THE R.A.N.: *Left*—The Duchess of Kent on the quarter-deck of the cruiser *Amphion* at Portsmouth as she re-named the vessel H.M.A.S. *Perth* and thus formally transferred her to the Royal Australian Navy. Her Royal Highness also unveiled on the aft 6-in. gun turret the crest of the city of Perth. *Right*—Men of the R.A.N. seen as they left Melbourne for Portsmouth in order to join the *Perth* and help take her out to Australia

THE GROWTH OF BRITAIN'S UNDER

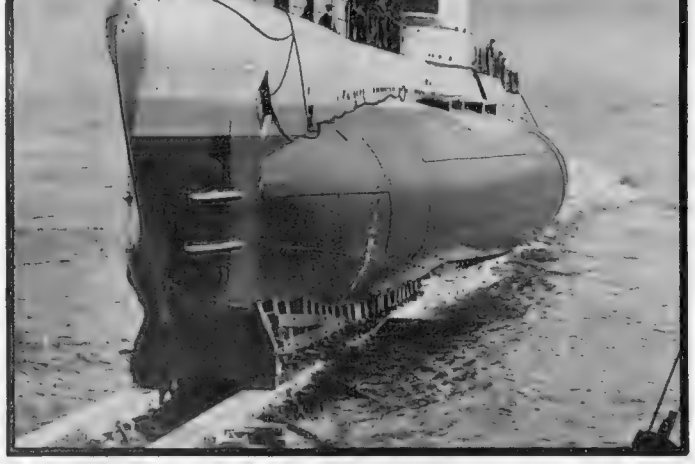
I. This is one of the war-designed submarines of the L type, of which the last remnants are now disappearing from the fleet. The deck, as will be seen, offers a decidedly meagre foothold for the crew



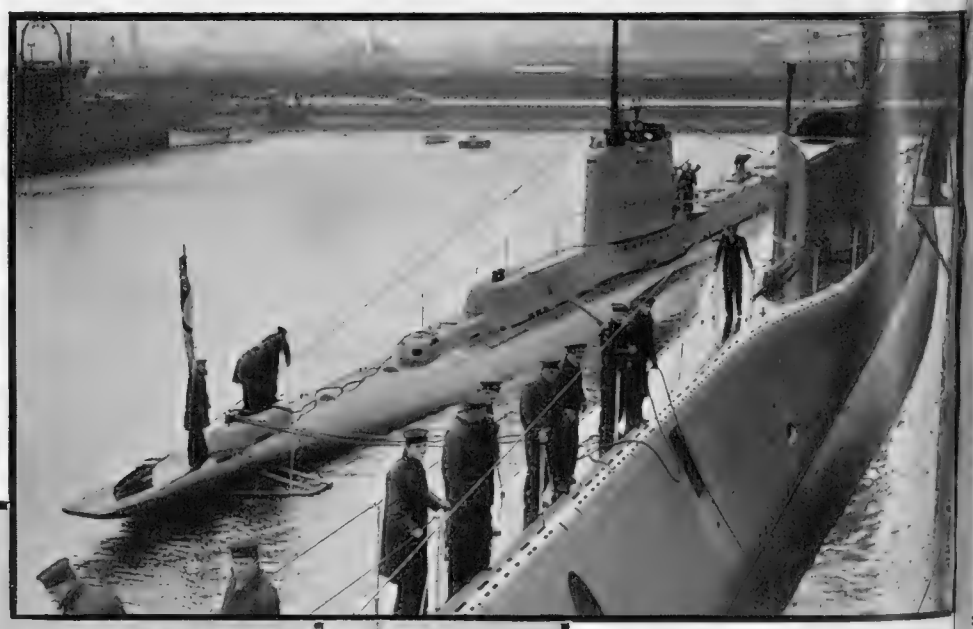
II. There have been many changes in submarine design since craft of this L type fir burst upon the scene in all their modernity. To-day their silhouette is decidedly curious, eve in the eyes of the layman. This particular submarine was in action against Chinese pirates in 192



IV. A picture taken in 1929 at the launch of the ocean-going submarine *Phœnix* of the Parthi class. Right in the bows can be seen the closed torpedo-tube doors which, in the case the ill-fated *Thetis*, have been the subject of so much controversy. The hull is cigar-shaped in ord to resist the immense pressure at depth, which would inevitably crush a differently-formed vess



III. The *Phœnix* pictured at her launch in 1929. Above the cigar-shaped hull is a light deck erection and this has a line of open ports to permit the free entry of the sea, thus obviating pressure



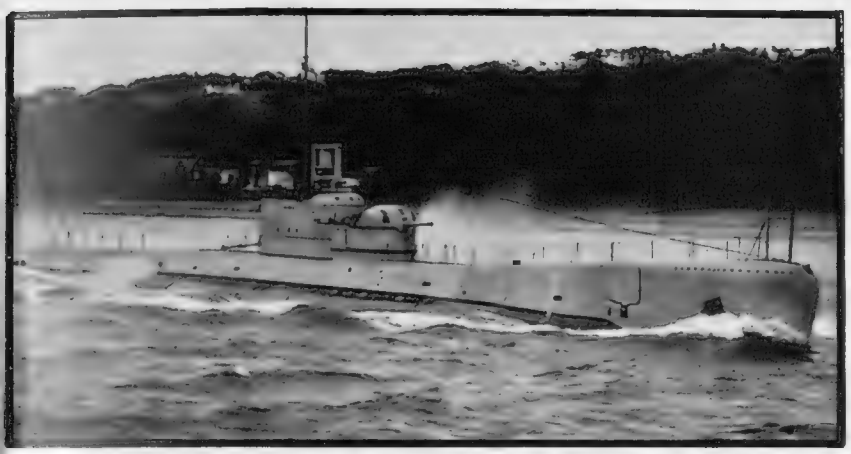
VI. A comparison in size. The ocea going, mine-laying submari *Narwhal* (nearest camera), a vessel 1,520 tons, and the *Seahorse*, of 640 ton seen together on a visit to Belfa

V. A sister to the ill-fated *Thetis*. The ocean-going submarine *Triton* pictured at the time of her launch in 1937 from the Barrow works of Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. The *Triton*, it will be seen, differs from the *Phœnix* (also shown on this page) in her arrangements for free flooding under the deck and also in the provision of saddle tanks for oil fuel outside the pressure hull

THE terrible disaster to H.M. *Thetis* during her acceptance tri in Liverpool Bay has quickened pub interest in the Submarine Fleet a many are puzzled at its complexity. most people a submarine is just a su marine, which can submerge to torpe an enemy ship with the minimum r of detection. Before the war this w reasonable enough, for all our su marines were general service vessels of t same basic type, their size and efficien increasing with each successive class.

WATER FLEET

The Evolution of the Submarine Since the Great War



VII. The *Thames* is a submarine of 1,805 tons especially designed for the unusually high surface-speed of 21 knots, instead of the usual 15 to 17 knots. Submerged, the *Thames* can contrive 10 knots and this would enable her to keep in touch with the battle squadrons during a fleet action in which she might well play quite a decisive part

By FRANK C. BOWEN

The war demanded special types for special jobs and this is more than ever necessary now, with the ever-increasing complexity of naval operations and also with the very high cost of the type—about £350,000 in the case of the *Thetis*. Such a ship would not only be grossly wasteful but also very inefficient for coast defence operations, for she could not twist and turn in the channels such as are found between the sandbanks off the east coast. All submarines are limited in size as far as their duties will permit; the big German "submarine cruisers" were avoided as far as possible by the ace commanders in the war against British commerce, and our own giant X.I. was a very expensive failure which soon went to the scrappers.

Broadly, the fleet is divided by size into three types—ocean-going, sea-going, and coastal—but the first is sub-divided by duty. Under 750 tons submerged displacement brings a ship into the coastal class and over 1,000 tons into the ocean-going.

In the biggest type there are the general service ships ranging from the remnants of the war-built L type (1,080 tons), through the O classes (1,830 tons to 2,030 tons), the Parthian class (2,040 tons) and the Rainbow class (2,015 tons) to the *Thetis* and her sisters, in which the tonnage has been reduced to 1,579. Whether this reduction in displacement was partly contrived by saving weight in features that made for safety is one of the points that the inquiry will have to decide.

For working submerged the essential feature of a submarine is the cigar-shaped hull which can be made to resist the crushing effect of the great pressure of deep water, but she spends most of her time on the surface and as she must navigate in all weathers, she has to be given a flat deck which will afford a foothold as she rolls and pitches, although her freeboard is so small that she soon takes it over in solid green water when the high conning tower is the only refuge, and a very uncomfortable one at that. As the shape of this deck prevents it being made resistant to great pressure a line of holes is cut between it and the hull through which the water can flow quite freely when the ship submerges; the pressure is then the same on either side of the steelwork and no damage is done. All submarines carry at least one gun, and in big ships this is generally raised some feet above the deck and the gun-layers protected from the sea by a breastwork built out from the forward end of the conning tower; in some of the earlier ocean-going types it was put right on top of the tower, but that had many disadvantages.

Three ocean-going submarines—*Thames*, *Severn* and *Clyde*—were designed for the unusually high speed of 21 knots, which they can all exceed, instead of the usual 15 to 17 on the surface; submerged they can contrive 10 knots against the normal 9 or 9½. This is to let them keep up with the battle squadrons when they put to sea for a fleet action in which submarines can play a big part, nearly as much by causing confusion in the enemy fleet as by actually sinking ships.

The other sub-division consists of six ships of the Porpoise type which sacrifice two torpedo tubes and a certain amount of speed to enable them to act as submarine minelayers, which the Germans proved to be a very dangerous weapon. During the war several vessels of the E type were converted into minelayers and kept the Heligoland Bight very lively for the enemy, but a specially designed ship is always better than any makeshift.

The sea-going division was revived in the 1929 estimates and between then and 1935 twelve wonderfully handy ships were authorised in the Swordfish and Shark classes, which are very similar. Their displacement is 935-960 tons and while they have the same torpedo armament and speed as the *Thetis* and her sisters, they carry a lighter gun and far less fuel and each ship cost over £100,000 less to build and equip.

In the coastal group there are still some survivors of the war-built H class, based on American design, which are principally used for training, and the *Undine*, *Unity* and *Ursula*, which were built under the 1936 estimates with a displacement of 730 tons. They mount six torpedo tubes, the same as the bigger ships, but their best speed on the surface is only a little over 11 knots and their fuel supply is small. The cost of each was roughly £35,000 less than a sea-going unit.

Excluding the war-built L and H classes, which are now on their last legs, the submarine fleet therefore consists, built or well on their way to completion, of three coastal, twelve sea-going and forty-two ocean-going ships, fifty-seven in all.

VIII. Prominent in the coastal group of submarines is the *Undine*, which was built under the 1936 estimates and has a displacement of about 540 tons. She mounts six torpedo tubes (the same as the bigger ships) but her speed on the surface is only a little over 11 knots. She cost about £35,000 less than a sea-going unit

GERMANY AND THE SUBMARINE

Concentration on Small Under-water Craft

AN EXTRAORDINARILY HIGH SUPERSTRUCTURE is a notable feature of these German submarines seen during exercises in the vicinity of Kiel. Although under the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of 1935 Germany undertook not to exceed 45 per cent. of the British submarine tonnage, it was noted at the beginning of this year that Germany possessed numerically more submarines than Britain. The tonnage, though, was in exactly the agreed ratio

AN EMERGENCY BUOY ON A GERMAN SUBMARINE: Another picture taken during the recent exercises at Kiel. In the event of a mishap the buoy, together with its light, could be floated to the surface, thus bringing help to the spot at night

MIDDLE EUROPE: Egyptian and Yugoslavian Ministers Confer—Hungarian Society Stages a Pageant

EGYPT'S FOREIGN MINISTER IN BELGRADE: Abdul Fattah Pasha (centre) passing the guard of honour on arrival in the Yugoslavian capital for a stay of several days during which he took part in a series of political discussions with M. Markovitch (left), the Yugoslav Foreign Minister. The discussions had a special significance, as since the annexation of Albania by Italy it has been noted that the leaders of the Muslim world have been rallying. Yugoslavia has a population of 1,500,000 Muslims

BUDAPEST'S SOCIETY PAGEANT was a magnificent affair this year, many notable members of Hungarian society donning medieval dress and appearing in a scene representative of a marriage at the Court of Mattheus. Count Esterhazy is seen standing in the foreground in a costly robe

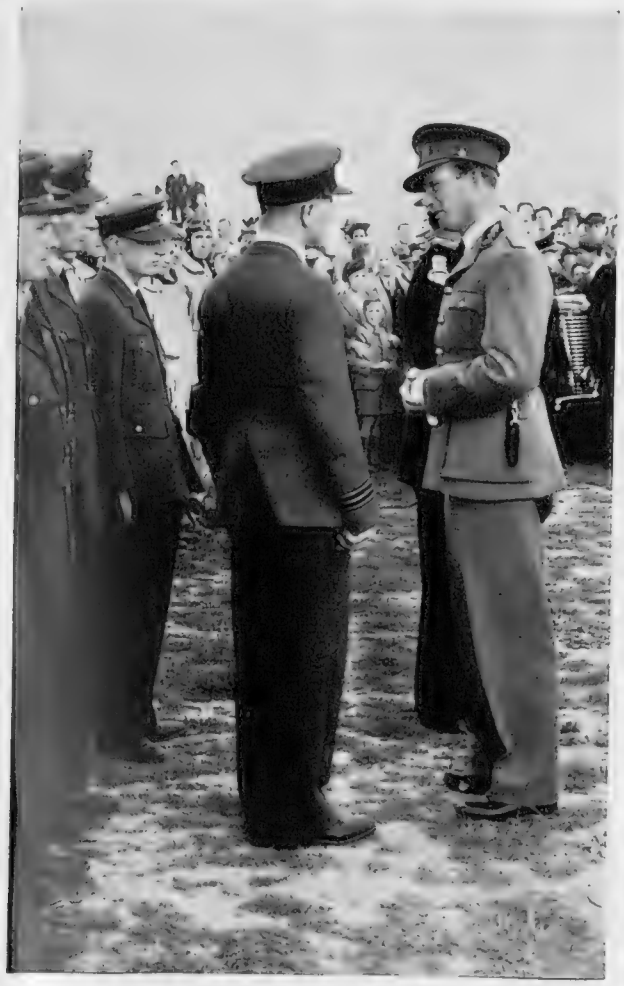
THE BRIDEGROOM ARRIVES, crowned and mounted on his charger, and (*on left*) Countess Ilona Andrassy in her medieval gown. Two more pictures taken at the Budapest Pageant depicting a Court marriage. The pageant took place on St. Marmaret Island within the encircling arms of the Danube

FRANCE AND BELGI

BOWING A WELCOME: A peasant woman of Le Heysel, camera in hand, greets Princess Josephine Charlotte, daughter of the King of the Belgians, as H.R.H. arrives to open the Parc Astrid which has been named after her mother who, it will be remembered, was killed in an accident in Switzerland in 1935

FRANCE ENTERTAINS A ROYAL VISITOR: King Bao-Dai, ruler o the French Protectorate of Annam, leaving the Elysee Palac after a luncheon given in his honour by President Lebrun Walking beside the King are General Braconnier and M. Loza King Bao-Dai governs with a Resident French Advise

UM: Princess Josephine Charlotte Opens a Park in Memory of Her Mother—King Leopold Meets Our Airmen in Brussels



KING LEOPOLD AT THE INTERNATIONAL AIR DISPLAY: His Majesty in conversation with Wing-Commander H. P. Lloyd, leader of the squadron of Vickers Wellington bombers which flew out to Brussels in order to give a demonstration. The spectators were most impressed by our planes

ANOTHER DAUDET AND MAUROIS? M. Brugnier (left), winner of the first prize for French composition, and M. Pelanne, winner of the first prize for history in the annual contest open to all the students of France. They are seen together at Paris University after they had received their prizes

THE UNITED STATES: Canadians Go to New York World's Fair — Providence Honours Roger Williams

CANADA'S DAY AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR: Sailors from the Canadian warships *Skeena* and *Saguenay* form the guard of honour as Mr. W. D. Euler, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, and Mr. Grover Whalen, President of the Fair, arrive for the ceremonies at the Canadian Pavilion. Each country in turn is having its special day at the Fair and this has done much to keep interest alive

THE MOUNTIES ON PARADE: Dashing riders of the Canadian North-west Mounted Police thrill spectators on Canada's Day at the New York World's Fair with an intricate musical ride in the Court of Peace outside the United States Pavilion. American spectators marvelled at the almost uncanny understanding between mount and man and also at the wonderful sense of balance displayed by both

HONOURING AN APOSTLE OF FREEDOM: Mrs. William C. Schuster, a descendant of Roger Williams, unveiling on Prospect Terrace, Providence, Rhode Island, the city's first public memorial to the great exponent of religious and political toleration who was instrumental in founding Providence. Williams, who was born in England at the very beginning of the seventeenth century, first took orders in the Church of England but having embraced extreme Puritan views became a Nonconformist and went to America in 1631

ST. CYR AND THE GLORY of FRENCH ARMS

A MOMENT OF DEEP SOLEMNITY: First year cadets at St. Cyr, the celebrated French academy, receive their military baptism at the annual "Triumph," a ceremony held in mid-July in order to mark the end of the academic year. "If war comes," writes Ferdinand Tuohy, "the whole of St. Cyr would be found leading the assault; and if August, 1914, is any criterion, the reckless, mad bravery of these youths would be dearly paid for"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

EACH mid-July the Military Academy of St. Cyr holds its "Triumph." Amid Napoleonic evocation, the annual contingent of some 200 pupils who have satisfied their examiners are given their first Commissions.

Our nearest social approach to that scene on the meadows beyond Versailles would, I suppose, be Eton v. Harrow, at Lord's. At each is to be found the same gamut of "family" with exquisite sisters and cousins to the fore. The same ices. And blushes. Only are fathers and grandfathers, at St. Cyr, nearly all resplendently in uniform on this their most thrilling day of the year, they, *les anciens*, Marshals of France are to be found among them. Generals by the score, colonels by the hundred.

Other Service academies are beginning to hold their triumphs, too. In 1937 there came into being the great new Naval Academy on the Brest headland. That has just had its show. On July 17 falls the first "Promotion" of pupils of the recently-formed *Ecole de l'Air*, at Salon, in baking Provence; 400 machines are to be rallied from France and North Africa for an exhibition of former Heston, R.A.F., quality, and, incidentally, this mobilisation, coming just then, will be useful.

Other annual "Promotions" are staged at the Paris Polytechnic, equivalent to Woolwich, and at St. Maixent, near Poitiers, which especially turns out officers from N.C.O.s. I mentioned the other week the yearly July Tournament at Saumur's Cavalry School. All produce thrills, and gulps, as ever, when corps tradition, the Colours, are in the picture. That St. Cyr produces the greatest thrill, all the others would agree.

St. Cyr! No other country has anything like it, could have. You need a land like France, saturated with the glory of arms, to produce such a setting, such atmosphere, such burning dedication and binding ties in after careers. Sandhurst and West Point do not enfold pupils clingingly, finally, as does their French counterpart.

This July the "Triumph" is being watched with mingled gravity, solemnity, pride, tears. For if war comes, the whole School of 400, which includes 200 young officers who have held their Commissions a year and the 200 pupils about to be promoted to second lieutenant, the whole of St. Cyr would be found leading the assault; and if August, 1914, is any criterion, the reckless, mad bravery of these youths will be dearly paid for.

As a fact, it should not be allowed, rendered possible. For these trained and wonderfully keen young officers would be badly wanted by France later instead of their ranks being decimated at the start. That happened last time, directly following the July "Triumph" of 1914.

It is almost incredible what happened. In April, when King George and Queen Mary visited President Poincaré, the latter seized the occasion of their Majesties' visit to the Academy to decorate St. Cyr's Colours with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Each "Triumph" is given a topical or apposite label. The year 1914's was to be given that of "Montmirail" in honour of the centenary of Napoleon's magnificent battle with the invading Allies. The date: July 31. Two days beforehand a notice was put up: "The 'Triumph' will not take place." War was about to be declared. So, instead, all the School lined up for a celebration of their own, and they called it "the Cross of the Colours."

At this an oath was taken by dozens of the more exalted young men to go to the assault the first time, wearing St. Cyr's bunched white and red feathers in their peace-time parade place on the crown of the képi, together with the full-dress white gloves.

On August 2 all were mobilised, pupils and seniors alike. On the 3rd came departure for the front. At the first clash, the battle of Charleroi, that fanatical company which included some of the finest names in France—Fayolle, St. Just, l'Hotte, de Castelnau—solemnly affixed its feathers and drew on its gloves and led on towards the enemy.

All were killed. It was indeed magnificent but *not* war, not anything save a fantastic example paid 100 times too dearly.

Before the war ended, 4,600 *Cyrards*—one in two—had fallen. When, on the morrow of victory, the survivors of five annual "Promotions," 1914–18 (that had, in fact, never taken place) presented themselves at the School, all were decorated or wounded. A young captain who bore the Colours had fifteen palms on his War Cross, and he was followed by an escort of 159 captains and subalterns, all decorated.

The Academy has a romantic situation. It flourishes on the site where exactly 250 years ago Madame de Maintenon gave herself to the "education of young ladies of the nobility but of no fortune." The Sun King himself attended an opening gala at which the young ladies presented the first performance of Racine's "Esther," producer, the author. Until 1792 *les Dames de St. Cyr* carried on. Then the ardent and young Republic took over what had grown to a village, christened it "Liberty Valley," and converted it into a hospital. Which it remained until Napoleon decided to transfer thither the pupils of his first Special Military College. He thought Fontainebleau too dissipating for them, too near the Court. So in July, 1808, 483 pupils transferred to St. Cyr, of whom 139 were to fall in the following few years that closed the Napoleonic *Epopée*.

As we shall see, *l'Empereur* left a far firmer mark upon St. Cyr than did any other. Yet he only visited the School twice, on the second of which occasions he did a typical thing. He started giving the words of command himself, as the School paraded. Presently the cadets were in rather a nervous mix-up and the commandant timidly pointed out to His Majesty that the drill and the marching he was ordering was all new. "I am well aware of that," replied Napoleon. "I am inventing it as I go along. I want to test if they have sang-froid."

And as a measure of the great little fellow's magnetism, what do you think the cadets did that night? They cut up their meat, put it in a stew, and seasoned same with cartridge powder.

The next years were agitated. For his Grande Armée, the Emperor now wanted gunners as well as infantry. St. Cyr was only producing infantry officers. It should turn out gunners also. In 1912 the School sent 150 infantry officers to Russia, and 88 gunners. The next year Napoleon claimed no fewer than 751 pupils, and it was getting worse in 1814, with an average of over 80 a month. Until, in April, Louis XVIII was able to order that the white cockade be replaced on the cadet's shako.

Slender respite. Next year, during the Hundred Days, St. Cyr went once more body and soul over to the Emperor. And back again to Louis and the white cockade. Nor was this to be the end of the swaying from one side to the other, by any means, though one imagines the School had no option in the matter. Delving in its story, one gets the notion that its true leaning is royalist. However, it was in 1819 that the Duc de Reggio re-presented the School to restored Louis, and used the phrase: "Your Majesty has just seen manœuvring the First Battalion of France," designation that has stuck to St. Cyr ever since.

PLUMED KEPI AND RED EPAULETTES are the distinguishing marks of the St. Cyr cadets, young men trained to a superb efficiency and steeped in the glorious traditions of the French army

Some years later the Government granted the cadets a simple blue shoulder-strap which, nevertheless, was to become historic, for it led to the hymn of St. Cyr, "La Galette."

Noble Galette, que ton nom
Soit immortel dans notre histoire;

One heard it taken up only the other day, at a big Daladier-boosted film, on the Boulevards, *Les Trois de St. Cyr*.

In 1830 St. Cyr was caught in another turnover of regime; and again in 1848, when the cadets wrenched the royal crest from their shakos, as they marched towards Paris to cries of "Vive la République!" As I say, the young men had to be fickle in those times. Probably their true sentiments were manifested at two State obsequies which they attended as guard of honour: Napoleon's home-coming to the banks of the Seine, 1840, and the funeral of the Duc d'Orléans two years later.

In 1853 Napoleon III presented the School to Queen Victoria and her Consort, and that, also, was destined to be an historic date since it marked the introduction of the cassowary—those bunched feathers, the red supposed to indicate blood.

"*En casoar et gants blancs*" is the motto of St. Cyr ever since that mad, amazing act of August, 1914.

In 1870 the Prussians occupied the Academy and turned it into a hospital. But enough of history. I shall only add that during forty subsequent years, when St. Cyr was able to carry on without further jolts, it attained an ever mounting usefulness as reservoir from which to officer the

(Continued on page 154)

THE PATH OF GLORY: An historic picture taken at Longchamps in 1914 as the cadets of St. Cyr paraded before joining the French forces in the field. On August 2 all were mobilised, pupils and seniors alike, and at the first clash at Charleroi the whole company, demonstrating a fanatical bravery, was wiped out

WITH "THE FIRST BATTALION OF FRANCE"

A Glimpse of Life at St. Cyr, the Great Military Academy of So Much Glorious Tradition

SURMOUNTED BY THE IMPERIAL EAGLE AND THE FRENCH TRICOLOUR: The main entrance to the military academy of St. Cyr through which have passed so many youths bearing names glorious in the annals of French conquest

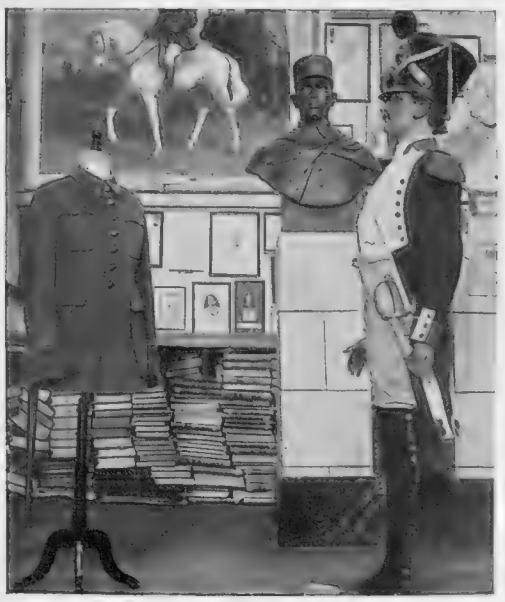
ST. CYR'S DAY OF DAYS: The annual "Triumph" ceremony when the cadets who have satisfied their examiners are granted their first commissions and, as depicted here, march past a saluting base where, seated immobile upon a white horse, is an officer dressed to represent Napoleon. On the programme, however, the famous little figure is simply and significantly referred to as "The System"

ACROSS THE COUR WAGRAM, focal point of life at St. Cyr Academy, the senior cadets march with their colours, which on one side bear the inscription, "Honour and Country. First Battalion of France. They Learn in Order to Conquer"

SKILL IN THE ART OF FENCING is acquired by every St. Cyrard during his sojourn at this famed academy whose pupils form what has come in the course of time to be known as "The First Battalion of France." Joffre, the conqueror of the Marne and war-time military dictator of France, Pétain, Commander-in-Chief in 1918, and Foch, the final architect of victory, were all trained at St. Cyr

THE COUR NAPOLEON, round which, in common with the Cour Wagram, so much of the bustling life of St. Cyr revolves. The Napoleonic arms above the sun dial were installed in 1860 during the time of Napoleon III

THE BLACK MARBLE TOMB OF MADAME DE MAINTENON, founder of the Maison Royal de Saint Louis at St. Cyr, stands in an alcove of the Academy's museum. By her many high qualities, Madame de Maintenon won a quite extraordinary ascendancy over Louis XIV. Her portrait is seen hanging above the tomb



THE WAX FIGURE OF A NAPOLEONIC SOLDIER KEEPS GUARD beside the red tunic worn by Captain de Bounazel, an ex-pupil at St. Cyr, who won undying renown in the campaign against the Riffs and was killed in action in 1933

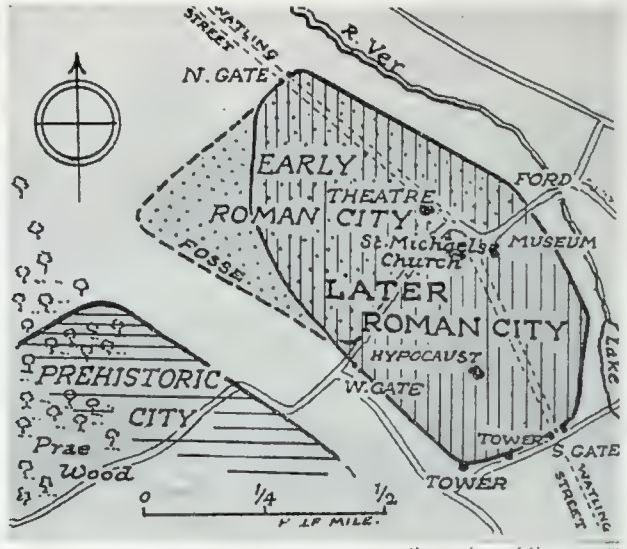
VERULAMIUM DISPLAYS ITS WONDERS

Roman Treasures Placed on View in the Newly-completed Museum

A WORTHY HOME FOR FINDS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE: *Left*—A beaker with white applied ornament of striking design and (*right*) a Samian bowl, with free style representation of a hunting scene, dating from about A.D. 120–160. Both these valuable pieces of ware have been discovered in the excavations at Verulamium, and they are now housed in the Verulamium Museum which has been built by St. Albans Corporation and was opened last May by the Earl of Harewood in the presence of the Princess Royal. The museum has cost £8,000 and contains all the historical objects brought to light in the excavations carried out between 1930 and 1934 under the direction of Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, Keeper of the London Museum, and the late Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler

A FIBULA OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.: An ancient Roman clasp or buckle found in the excavations at Verulamium and now on view among a host of other objects in the new Verulamium Museum. Beneath the museum building runs the ancient Roman highway of Watling Street

ORNAMENT OF THE FOURTH CENTURY: Another fibula, though of a rather later date than that depicted on left, brought to light during work in the Verulamium diggings



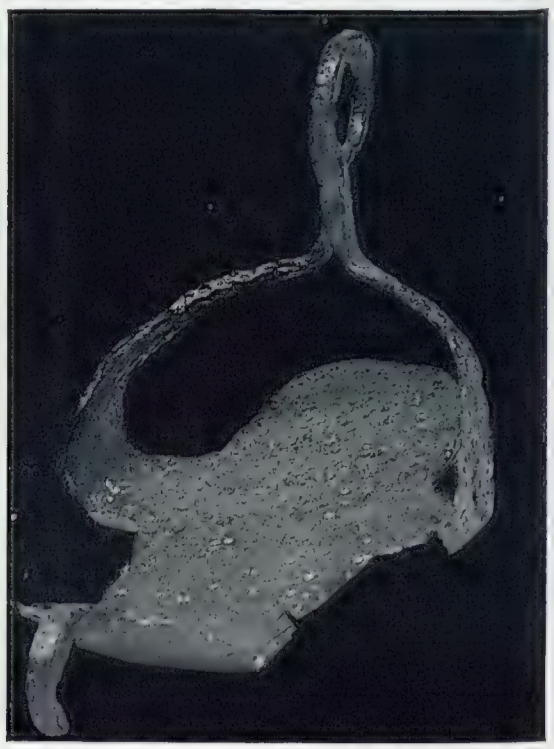
By courtesy of the museum

BY THE WATERS OF THE VER: A sketch map showing the area covered by the prehistoric city, the capital of the Belgic tribes of south-eastern Britain, and of the two successive Roman cities. The new museum stands near still existing St. Michael's Church in the heart of the Later Roman city

Thanks to the enterprise of the St. Albans Corporation and the infectious enthusiasm of the late Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler, wife of the Keeper of the London Museum, large-scale excavations based on an entirely new technique were begun at Verulamium in 1930. From then on until 1934 the most wonderful finds were made, including three of the finest tesselated pavements ever brought to light in this country. Such hosts of objects of the Belgic and Roman eras were discovered, indeed, that it was decided to erect a museum for them and this was opened in the spring by Lord Harewood. A few of its many treasures are depicted on this page.

AN EARTHENWARE LAMP CHIMNEY: Found in fragments, this elaborate piece of Roman ware has been skilfully joined together and is now displayed in the Verulamium Museum

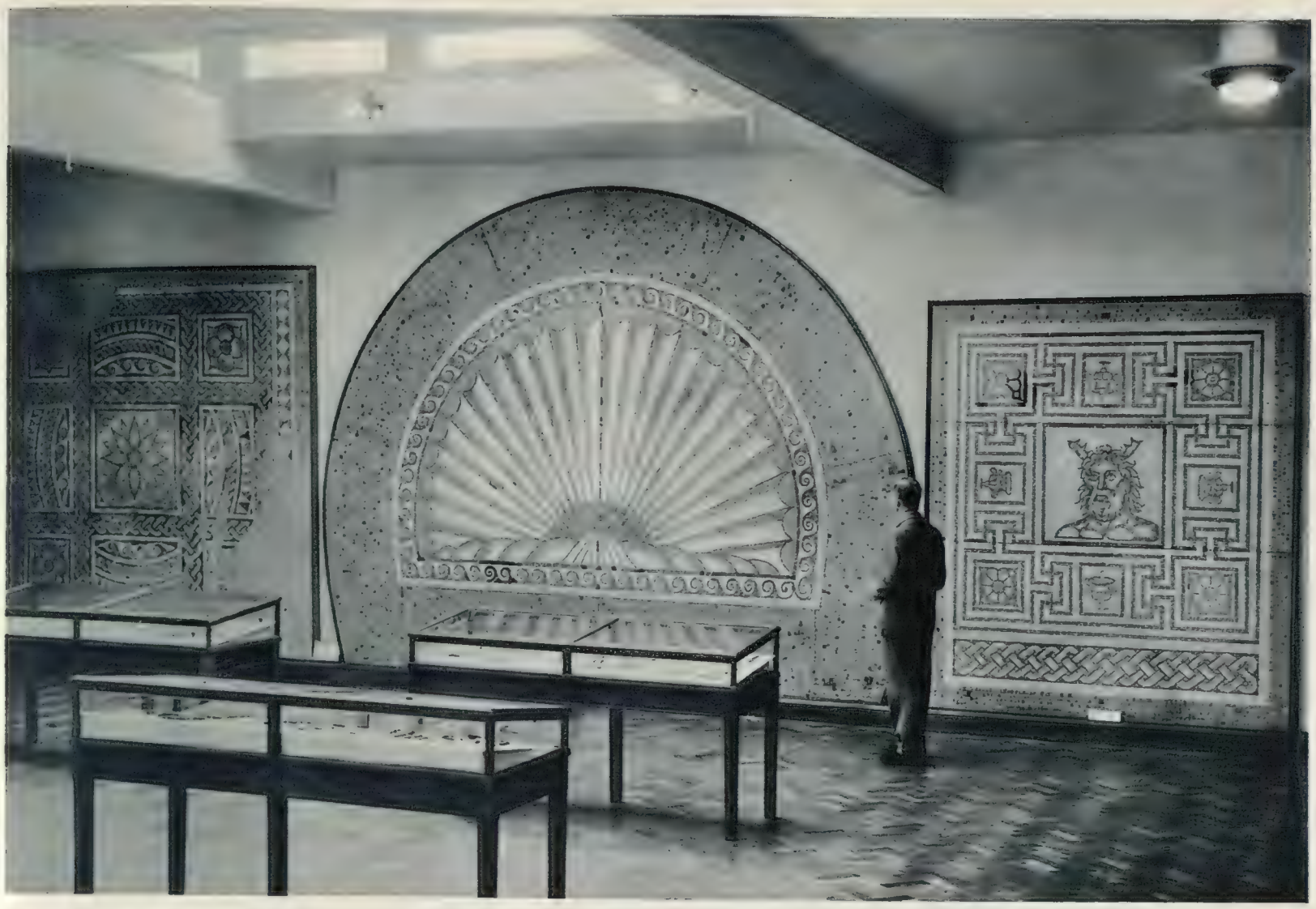
USED IN THE HEATING SYSTEM OF A VERULAMIUM VILLA: A flue brick with a figure of eight design on its rectangular surface



CATALOGUED AS A "HIPPO SANDAL," this object in Verulamium Museum has all the appearance of a stirrup. One side has rusted away considerably

ROMAN ST. ALBANS :

Magnificent Mosaics and Other Relics of Verulamium in the New £8,000 Museum—A Reconstruction of the London Gateway



THE GLORY OF ROMAN MOSAIC: These three tessellated pavements have all been found among the excavations at Verulamium and they now adorn one of the walls of the magnificent new museum built by St. Albans Corporation at a cost of £8,000 on the site of the second Roman city of Verulamium. All the mosaics are of the second century A.D., when most of the houses of Verulamium were laid out. One, in a particularly fine state of preservation, has a semi-circular scallop-shell design. Another is adorned by the strange head of a sea-god with lobster-like claws. The third mosaic is more fragmentary and of not quite such good design

THE MAIN LONDON GATE OF VERULAMIUM as it was in the days of the Romans. A scale model, which is now on view in the museum, showing the imposing structure with its double roadways flanked by semi-circular towers. This reconstruction has been made possible through the laying bare of the actual foundations by officials of His Majesty's Office of Works. Other exhibits in this already well-stocked museum are a die, or trussel, for striking silver coins of the reign of Hadrian, and, more interesting still, a denarius of Augustus from which the first inscription was smoothed away and replaced by another one in Greek

FRANCE GUARDS

Old Buildings Restored to Their Former

PRELATE'S PALACE, JAM FACTORY, HISTORIC MONUMENT: These are just three of the phases through which the Hôtel de Sens, Paris, has passed during its history. This picture was taken just before M. Halley set about the task of restoring the place

IN ITS YEARS OF DECAY: Another view of the formerly magnificent, and now once again magnificent, Hôtel de Sens during the period when it was gradually crumbling into a ruin. It was in 1929 that Paris Municipal Council decided to restore the place fully

THERE are two aspects of the silhouette of Paris. One is public: the town planning of well-ordered open spaces, great squares, wide avenues and monumental buildings. The other is private, yet essentially typical of Paris: its historic mansions or "vieux hôtels." No city can boast of such a great number of fine old town houses which date from the Middle Ages up to the present day. The Hôtel de Sens (Middle Ages), the Hôtel de Lamoignan (Renaissance), the Hôtel de Lauzun (Louis XIV), the Hôtel de Rohan (Louis XV), La Folie de Bagatelle (Louis XVI), the Hôtel de Bourienne (Directoire) and the Hôtel de Bony (Restauration) are the outstanding examples of these great periods of domestic architecture.

In these lines I mean to point again to the ravages of vandalistic attack against which London lies hopelessly undefended by citing one or two examples showing how Paris continually strives to preserve its historic houses.

Paris, as I have already explained in these columns, is justly proud of its historic buildings, sites, streets, squares and monumental perspectives—heritage of successive great periods of French architecture. City planning in the French capital is most carefully supervised, ancient buildings being preserved and kept in good repair by the constant vigilance of a number of local councils and committees. There also exist several official and semi-official organisations which devote themselves solely to this end and try to ensure that every rule and regulation concerning the preservation of historic monuments is strictly adhered to. Despite this vigilance there are not a few who loudly complain that there are several fine old houses falling to ruin and that the Commission Municipale de Vieux Paris should see to it that they are immediately classified and restored as Monuments Historiques. But they forget the number of historic hotels in Paris and the great cost of the effort that is being expended to save at least the finest of them.

Compared with London, the results of these recent efforts are most praiseworthy. An outstanding example is the preservation of the Hôtel de Massa, constructed under Louis XVI in 1784. This fine mansion formerly stood on the Champs Elysées. If it were not for the fact that it had long since been classified as a Monument Historique, the Hôtel de

BEFORE RESTORATION: *Above and below*—Two views of what had formerly been the main staircase of the Hôtel de Rohan, a Paris residence which has now been completely restored. The hotel was owned in succession by four Archbishops of Strasbourg

THE IMPOSING FAÇADE OF THE HÔTEL DE ROHAN, one time Paris residence of the Archbishops of Strasbourg, which has now been restored to all its old glory after a decade of continuous work

MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION: Compare this picture of the Grand Staircase of the Hôtel de Rohan with those on the extreme left showing how the staircase appeared before M. Denis began the restoration

HER ANCIENT RESIDENCES

Glory Through State Munificence—The Transformation of the Hôtel de Sens

THE HÔTEL DE SENS TO-DAY: An impression of this late fifteenth-century and early sixteenth-century building in its almost restored state—a result of the painstaking efforts of the Paris Municipal Council. The restoration is proving a long and costly undertaking, but it is deemed fully worth while, and when the hotel is finally restored to its original aspect it will be known as the Institut des Arts et Metiers de Paris. It was once the home of Margot, consort of Henri IV

Massa might have disappeared during the changes that have taken place on this great avenue in the past twenty years. Actually, the Hôtel de Massa *has* disappeared from the Champs Elysées, but has not been demolished. A few years ago it was transported stone by stone and re-erected the other side of Paris. It took one and a half years to transplant this "classified" residence, which now stands in its own grounds in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

Famous houses are demolished and old squares are destroyed to give place to the most banal examples of "modern architecture." Why was Kingston House and many other historic residences of London pulled down? It was in no need of repair. It could easily have been turned into a museum. The fact is, there are no councils or regulations which are empowered to prevent this vandalistic attack. The building contractors, of course, willingly abet the demolition of London's period architecture which has almost disappeared from the West End.

The following are three examples among the historic houses of France that the architectural councils are making every effort to preserve.

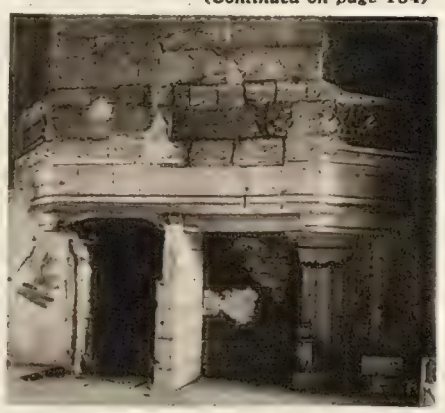
The Hôtel de Sens was built at intervals between 1475 and 1509, by Tristan de Salazar, Archbishop of Sens. Cardinal de Pellevee, who died there in 1594, completed it. Queen Margot, the first wife of Henri IV, lived at the Hôtel de Sens. During the eighteenth century, when the city of Paris was no longer part of the diocese of Sens, the hotel was rented privately. Unfortunately, it was then already falling to ruin. Different enterprises, a stage coach inn, a laundry, a jam factory, a glass factory, etc., took possession and in turn transformed the palace of the archbishops into a mean, dilapidated structure.

On November 22, 1929, the Conseil Municipal de Paris decided to restore the Hôtel de Sens and to install the Forney library. It has meant a very difficult, long and costly undertaking, as may be judged by the photographs which

(*Continued on page* 154)

MEDIEVAL SPLENDOURS BROUGHT TO LIFE: The courtyard side of the Hôtel de Sens during the work of restoration, which is now well on the way to completion. Soon it will appear almost as it did in the days when the Bishops of Sens held court there, and Queen Margot entertained

RETURN TO ELEGANCE: The Salon des Singes in the Hôtel de Rohan as it now appears. The hotel has had a chequered career and, among many other things, has served its turn as a club and a printing establishment



A CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE HOUSE OF JACQUES COEUR AT BOURGES: A picture taken before the work of restoration began and indicative of the building's sorry state

AFTER RESTORATION: The chimneypiece in the house of Jacques Coeur at Bourges following the work of repair. The house is a truly superb medieval survival

GOTHIC ALLIED WITH EARLY FRENCH RENAISSANCE: The main façade of the magnificent house of Jacques Coeur at Bourges. It was originally built by Jacques Coeur, Minister of Finance to Charles VII, who lavished a fortune upon it

ENGLISH-MADE ARMOUR IS OF THE GREATEST RARITY and consequently particular importance attaches to this suit which has recently been acquired for the Tower of London through the generosity of the National Art-Collections Fund. It has a russet surface and in style it dates mid-way between the armour of Henry VIII and the decorated suits of the Elizabethan courtiers

ARMOUR *in the* NEWS

A Notable Acquisition at the Tower of London — An American Collection in the Auction Room

COMPLETE WITH ITS ORIGINAL CHAIN-MAIL "CAMAIL," this fine headpiece, made in Tyrol about the year 1350, is to be offered for sale at Christie's on July 27 together with other armour in the magnificent collection of the late Clarence H. Mackay, of Long Island. The pig-faced visor is pierced with numerous holes

WHEN ARMOUR REACHED A MORE ELABORATE STAGE: This suit, with its entire surface decorated in repoussé, has a central motif on the breastplate representing Mars and Venus. It is a French design of about the year 1560 and is one of the many outstanding items in the Mackay collection which is to be dispersed next week

The reason English-made armour, such as that depicted above, is of such great rarity lies in the fact that those who could afford it in Tudor and Elizabethan days usually bought their suits at the great centres of the industry in Lombardy and Germany.

Henry VIII, however, set up a workshop of his own and in 1511 he imported foreign craftsmen to work at Greenwich, thus starting what came to be known as the Greenwich School of Armourers which lasted right up to the time of Charles I.

Greenwich remained the only large source of supply for English armour and as the output was never very great the present scarcity of really fine pieces is quite easy to understand.

Also illustrated on this page is armour from the collection of the late Clarence Mackay, a true connoisseur, who in his day scoured the whole of Europe in search of all that was fine and outstanding in the armourer's craft.

GERMAN JOUSTING ARMOUR OF 1580: This magnificent suit in the Mackay collection is of steel with a contemporary coating of black pigment, a fact confirming the long held theory that medieval field armour and jousting suits were so treated as a protection against the weather. The total weight is 84 lb. 2 ozs.

A FAMOUS CONSTABLE PAINTING AT OTTAWA: The splendid "Hampstead Heath," by John Constable is a notable possession of Canada's National Gallery. There is a sketch of it at the Victoria and Albert Museum

CANADA'S ART WEALTH

Outstanding Pictures in the Leading Collections

Described by R. H. Wilenski

WE habitually think of the U.S.A. as a home for Old Masters of all schools; but we often forget that Canadian museums have also been collectors in recent decades. Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and New Brunswick all have museums, and in Ottawa there is, of course, the National Gallery of Canada, which has long been admirably guided by Mr. Eric Brown. A list of the Old Masters owned by these galleries would, in fact, make imposing reading; and some of the more recent additions are very notable indeed.

Both the National Gallery of Canada and the Art Association of Montreal can show, for example, highly interesting pictures of the Spanish school; for the first has Murillo's "Two Franciscan Monks," a version of El Greco's "St. Francis in Meditation With a Poor Brother," and a very attractive portrait ascribed to Goya, and the second has Goya's "Altamirano, Auditor of Seville," which formerly belonged to the Marques de La Vega Inclan. Murillo's "Two Franciscan Monks" (which is also known as "A Franciscan Administering Last Consolation to a Grey Friar" and as "The Good Samaritan") was exhibited in London.

I remember "Tomas Harris" at the Spanish Gallery in 1930; the figures here are life-size and the painting shows the influence of Velasquez (with whom Murillo studied for a time) and still more the influence of Ribera; it is one of a series painted in 1646, when the artist was twenty-nine, for a Franciscan convent in Seville. It formerly belonged to Sir Francis Clare Ford, British Ambassador in Madrid, whose father had acquired it when the convent was looted by Marshal Soult in the Peninsular War; for St. Francis, here the artist has used the same model as for St. Diego in another picture in this series generally known as "La Cuisine des Anges" and now in the Louvre.

When I was last in Toledo, before the civil war, I saw what I believe to be the original of El Greco's "St. Francis in Meditation With a Poor Brother" in the Colegio de Doncellas Nobles; about twenty versions of this picture, some by El Greco himself or from his studio, exist; one, formerly owned by Queen Isabella II, was last year in the El Greco exhibition in Paris, another which belongs to the Brera Gallery in Milan was owned at one time by the Radical French journalist, Henri Rochefort, who was much interested in art and told Manet, who later painted his portrait, that he had been consoled during his imprisonment in Noumea by the beauty of the sunsets in those regions which had recalled to him the pictures by Turner. The Ottawa version comes from the church of Nambrosa in Toledo.

Goya's "Altamirano, Auditor of Seville," in the Montreal collection, was painted at the end of the eighteenth century, about the same time as the London National Gallery's "Portrait of Dr. Peral," and a year or two before his masterpiece, "The Family of Charles IV," which belongs to the Prado.

The English Old Masters in the Canadian Galleries include Romney's admirable "Portrait of a Gentleman" at Toronto; Lawrence's "Maria Harriet Day" (Mrs. Ichabod Wright) at Montreal, and at Ottawa, Gainsborough's "The Negro Writer Ignatius Sancho," painted at Bath, when Gainsborough was forty-one, in 1 hr. 40 mins.; Romney's "Joseph Brant, Chief of the Six Nation Indians"; Morland's "The Wreckers," formerly owned by Sir Walter Gilbey, and Constable's celebrated "Hampstead Heath." It is interesting to note that the Ottawa picture was bought by a French collector from the artist in his lifetime through the good offices of Archdeacon Fisher, Constable's admirer and staunch friend.

(Continued on next page)

A REMARKABLE MORLAND AT OTTAWA—"THE WRECKERS": George Morland forsook his usual placid domestic scenes to paint this fury of wind and sea. The artist depicts women and children taking part, or at least being present at, the reprehensible business

THE ART WEALTH OF

IN THE ART ASSOCIATION'S COLLECTION AT MONTREAL:

A detail from Sandro Botticelli's "Madonna and Child"

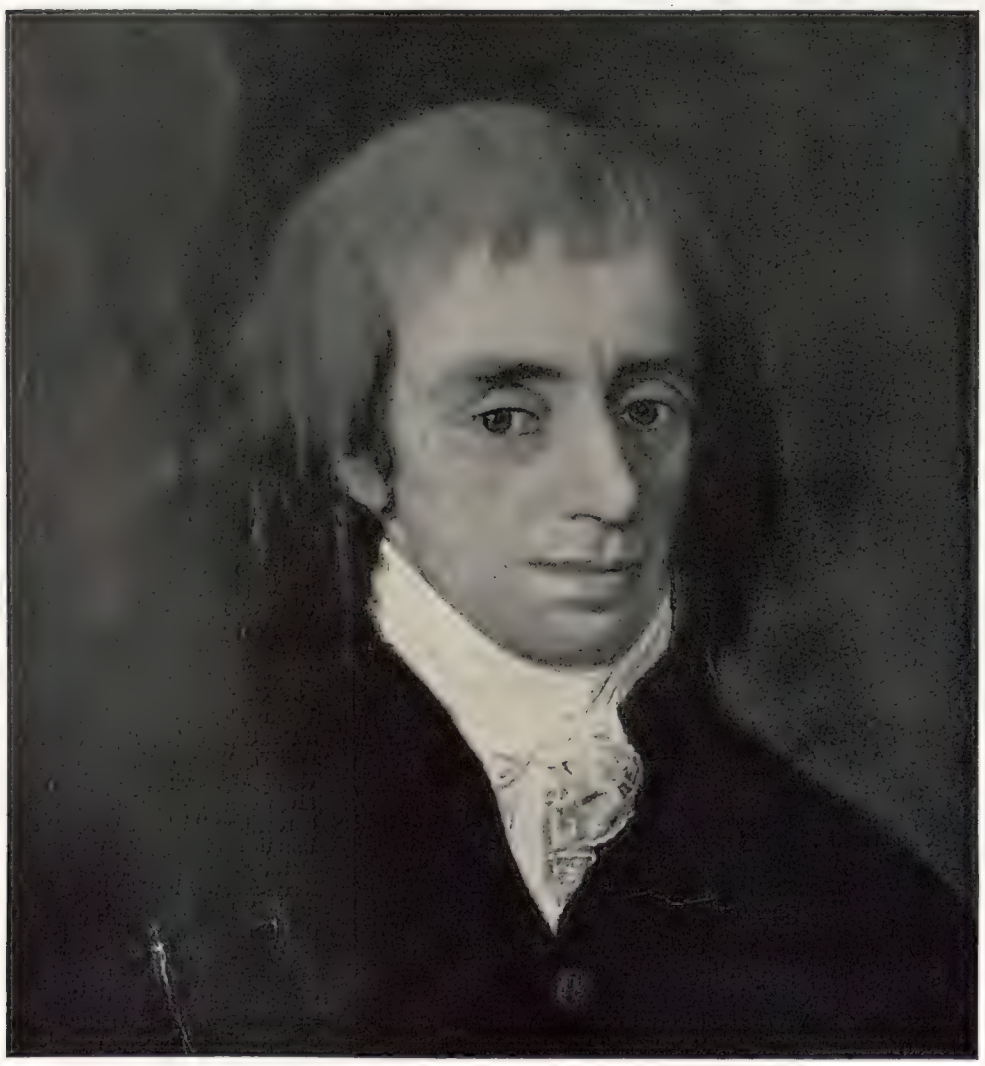
A STRIKING PORTRAIT IN THE MONTREAL COLLECTION:

Tintoretto's "Portrait of a Lady" with hand on hip is full of character

(Cont. from previous page)

The Canadian museums are not as rich as the U.S.A. museums in pictures by the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists; indeed, these schools, especially the latter, are still inadequately represented. But Ottawa has Boudin's "Vue d'Étaples: marée basse," a landscape by Sisley, and a large work by Claude Monet, "Waterloo Bridge: The Sun in a Fog" (1903). Both Ottawa

A ROMNEY AT TORONTO: This "Portrait of a Gentleman" is a fine, boldly painted piece of work



A STRIKING GOYA PORTRAIT IN THE MONTREAL GALLERY:

This portrait of "Altamirano, Auditor of Seville," was painted by Goya when at the height of his powers

A PIERO DI COSIMO AT OTTAWA:

"Vulcan and Aeolus" are shown as teachers of mankind. The picture resembles "The Battle of the Centaurs" now in the London National Gallery

CANADIAN GALLERIES

AN [illegible] GRECO AT OTTAW[illegible] A detail of one c[illegible] many versions [illegible] the picture which [illegible]ongs to a co[illegible]n Toledo

A MURILLO IN OTTAWA'S GALLERY—A DETAIL: Catalogued as "The Two Franciscan Monks," this picture is also known as "The Good Samaritan"

and [illegible]treal have Rou[illegible]res painted by [illegible] in his last peri[illegible]5–1903; and Toro[illegible] a characteris[illegible]er piece by Odil[illegible]n who was a pi[illegible]rrealist in the [illegible] but concentr[illegible] his later years [illegible] delicately æsthe[illegible]wer pieces in oil[illegible]stel.

M[illegible]rks by the Italian [illegible]Masters are now h[illegible] come by, and [illegible] Canadians were [illegible]n this field. But t[illegible]tawa Gallery, [illegible] secured Carav[illegible]'s "Portrait of a [illegible]nal" some twenty[illegible] years ago, has n[illegible]dded works by, or ascribed to, a number of notable masters. All these Canadian galleries have collections of modern paintings and sculpture as well as works by artists of the past.

In Toronto, the Art Gallery works in contact with the Ontario College of Art, itself affiliated to the University of Toronto and supported by the Government. The Winnipeg Gallery is closely associated with the local school of art. In Vancouver, the British Columbia Art League and various art societies are closely allied with the Vancouver Arts and Historical Club and the Vancouver Museum.

AN ANDREA MANTEGNA AT MONTREAL: This "Judith and Halofernes" is similar to one in Dublin's National Gallery. The Montreal picture has been loaned to New York's Fair

A LAWRENCE PORTRAIT AT MONTREAL: This attractive portrait of "Maria Harriet Day," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, shows a characteristic treatment of the eyes

QUESTION:

Lobster, lobster, tell me do,
What is best to drink with you?

ANSWER:

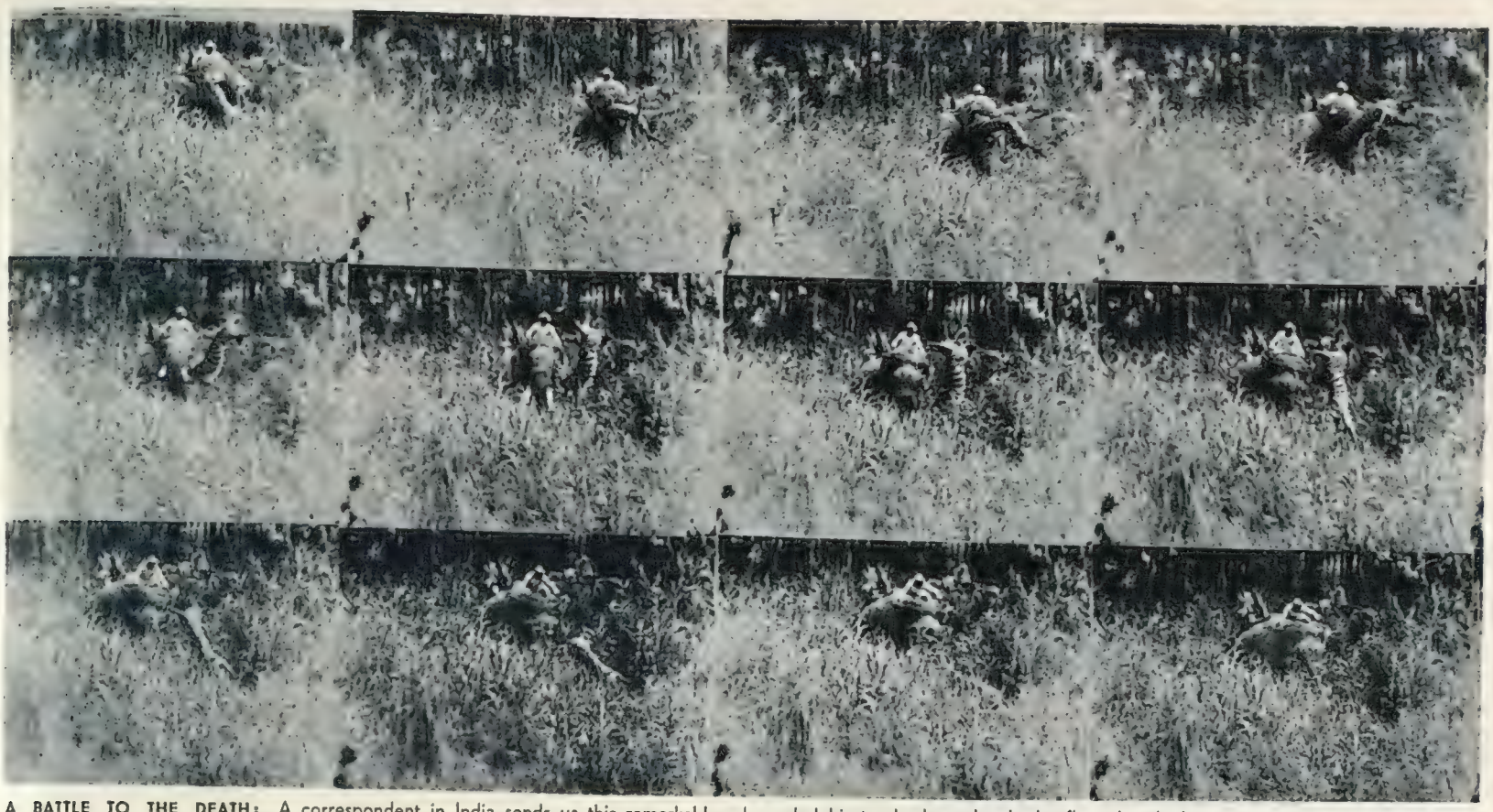
Gourmets everywhere agree
Guinness goes down best with me.

There's nothing like a Guinness with Lobster

G.E.860A.

WHEN AN ELEPHANT DOES BATTLE WITH A TIGRESS

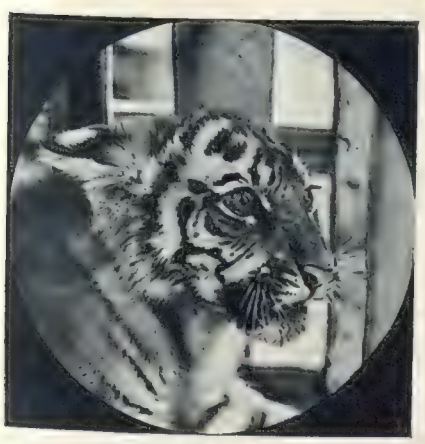
A Film Camera Records a Ferocious Struggle—Shooting in the Nepalese Terai—A Prime Minister's Prowess



A BATTLE TO THE DEATH: A correspondent in India sends us this remarkable series of pictures enlarged from a cine film and showing an elephant dealing with a charging tigress. When the tigress sprang on to his head the elephant curled his trunk about her body, flung her high in the air, and then plunged forward to stamp her to death. All who saw the struggle were lost in admiration at the coolness with which the elephant dispatched his ferocious opponent

THE LAST OF A 10-FT. TIGER: His Highness Maharaja Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Prime Minister of Nepal and Supreme Commander of the Nepalese forces, standing beside a fine specimen he had just accounted for

On right—**HUNTING RHINO IN NEPAL:** General Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., the first Nepalese Envoy and Minister to London, His Highness Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Prime Minister and Supreme Commander-in-Chief of Nepal, and Major-General Nara Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, pictured with the heads of rhinoceroti after a day's shooting in the Nepalese Terai. Sir Joodha is a brilliant shot—one of the best in all India—but it is rumoured that he may shortly give up the sport on account of religious considerations



A CAPTURED TIGER CUB in the zoo at Katmandu where there are a number of fine specimens caught by Sir Joodha

THE CIRCLE NARROWS and slowly but surely the tiger is brought to bay, the only hope being to make a dash for it past the converging elephants. A fine action picture taken in the Nepalese Terai where some of the best sport in India is to be had. Only a short while ago the Viceroy and Vicereine were the guests of the Maharaja

THE LIGHTS OF LEICESTER SQUARE: A composite picture of three of the great cinemas which now dominate this former home of the stage. It was taken while *Goodbye, Mr. Chips!* was drawing to the close of a wonderful West End run and when *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* was thronging Warner's box-office. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips!* is also proving a big success in America, and there is no doubt that it has done much to raise the prestige of British screen players

HOW is one to put "genius" on the stage? Should one be realistic or just theatrical? It is a vast question though it is not that alone which makes Mr. Sidney Howard's play, *Alien Corn*, at Wyndham's, vastly interesting. With the actual geniuses of history the matter is easy, so far as outward and visible signs are concerned. Put Wagner or Benvenuto Cellini behind the footlights—I have seen them both there, though not together—and the main thing is to get a brace of actors who resemble them physically as closely as may be. Even this aspect of the matter is not fool-proof, for the last time I saw Wagner, who was a little man with a very big head, represented on the stage, the actor who played the part happened to be a tall man with a small head.

But the representation of genius, as such, without any specific label, is another matter and more difficult. The not very heroic heroine of *Alien Corn* is a musical genius. Now I have been fortunate enough to meet some musical geniuses, both composers and interpretative musicians, of the first magnitude. Elgar looked like a retired general, was calm and dignified, and was fond of taking his dog for a walk and going to race meetings. Richard Strauss is equally cool, and apparently the last person in the world to fly into tantrums (into which, I understand, he never does fly).

Kreisler has never been known to behave like a mixture of lunatic and naughty child; nor has Paderewski. Mark Hambourg gets into a bit of a fluster if his cigar is not drawing well or if the cards are against him at bridge; but always his sense of humour comes to the rescue.

The main point about Mr. Howard's Elsa was that she was always in a fluster and had no sense of humour whatever. I do not say that there are no real musical geniuses like that or that *Alien Corn*, which is a good play, would be a better one if Elsa behaved a little less like an alienist. But the author would have found his way easier, and would have been nearer to life as well, if his genius had not been such a handful.

That she was played so well by Miss Margaretta Scott was almost miraculous — not that it is a miracle to find Miss Scott playing a part well (far from it, for she is a highly intelligent actress), but because she has hitherto played for the most part sweetly understanding young women. Most brilliantly did she hide her sweetly understanding personality in this ranting, egotistical hussy, whom a hard spanking might have rendered more endurable. It might even have improved her piano-playing.

Her chief grievance was that she was condemned to teach the piano instead of playing it on concert platforms. Since her devoted admirer was a multi-millionaire, I see no reason why she should not have achieved that ambition and got him to hire the Carnegie Hall—it is an American play—for her.

But no, she preferred to make herself and everyone else uncomfortable. A vital play, and a vital performance, none the less. And it is remarkably well acted, notably by Mr. Hartley Power, as the rich philistine who was really so much more civilised than most other people round him, by Miss Marian Spencer, as an amateur singer having a dash at Schubert, and by Mr. John Clements.

THE WICKED GANGSTER, THE IDEALISTIC JEW, AND THE HARMLESS GREEK: Clement McCallin, Abraham Sofaer, and Ernest Jay in *The Gentle People*, the new play at the Strand. It is the story of two old men, content to spend the evening of their lives by fishing off the pier end, who are importuned by an unscrupulous villain and calmly take the law into their own hands by tipping him into the water

"Paganini" (Ballet).—A new ballet is, nine times out of ten, an ephemeral affair. It is produced and it is found rather quaint and odd, and it is praised by the super-ballet-experts just because it is quaint and odd and possibly rather ugly ("quite too *thrillingly* daring, my dear!"). It remains in the repertory for a season or two and then disappears into oblivion. I could give a list of a dozen such—if only I could remember their names. *Paganini* (at Covent Garden), choreography by the veteran Michel Fokine and music by Rachmaninoff, is a different kettle of fish altogether. It has the tangible and real beauties of the older ballets—*Carnaval*, *Spectre de la Rose* and *Les Sylphides*, and is likely, I think, to be popular just as long—that is to say, for year after year. It shows design and imagination and there is more in it than the mere desire to shock. This, and the fact that the music of Rachmaninoff (founded on an aria by Paganini himself) is full of luscious melody, is exquisitely scored, and has genuine musicianship in every bar, has had the effect that I was quite sure that it would. The ultra-balletomanes do not like *Paganini* one little bit, and their representative scribes have assailed it good and hard. It is not nearly "quaint" enough for them. What they like is odd, strained movement linked to orchestral cacophony (very loud). This they have this season in *Le Fils Prodigue* and I suggest they make the most of it while they may.

By PHILIP PAGE

Meanwhile, *Paganini* is a big popular hit (which is quite enough to damn it in the eyes of some people), and its performance has only to be announced for an enormous audience to be a certainty. I do not believe in the creed which Ibsen so effectively assailed in *An Enemy of the People*—that the majority is always in the right. Far from it. But they have a knack of being right in resounding and unmistakable fashion about some things.

Coliseum.—Although the Coliseum is on the large size for plays other than of the musical-spectacular sort, it is not too large. Sir Oswald Stoll's decision to revive there a series of popular successes should be welcomed in these days when far too many London theatres remain closed altogether, in spite of the fact that the season is not yet over.

Edgar Wallace's *The Flying Squad* made a good flying start last week. It is not Wallace quite at his best, but it is a sound and exciting melodrama of the London life about which he could write with such skill. I found that the thrills really did thrill and that the comic relief really was comic. A more than capable company was headed by that most versatile and attractive person, Miss Constance Carpenter.

On Stage and Screen

HOW SHOULD GENIUS BE DEPICTED?

An Important Question Raised by Sidney Howard's Play at Wyndham's : Margaretta Scott Portrays an Egotistical Hussy

"The Gentle People."—Although I found it difficult to make up my mind whether or no the author of *The Gentle People* at the Strand Theatre had made up *his* mind about anything in particular when writing this play, it is good entertainment. It is 100 per cent. American in language and flavour, as American as Damon Runyon and it could be adequately described only in Runyonese. Is it intended to be a satire? If so, what is satirised? There is a long scene with a lot of talk to it (good talk, too) in a Russian vapour-bath which may be a smack at Tchehov, for there is plenty of Russian hot air about. There is also an appalling gangster, surely about the most repulsive creature ever portrayed on any stage (I have recently met another of this type, fortunately only in a book—in Lady Eleanor Smith's recently published *Life's a Circus*, which is well worth reading). This beauty, by name Goff, first exacts toll from a Jewish chef who is doing a bit of illegal fishing; then bangs him over the head with a piece of rubber tubing because he had complained to the police; then tries to seduce the chef's daughter, who seemed to have a "coming on" disposition and to be not wholly opposed to being seduced by gangsters. So one could hardly blame the chef for, as it were, cooking the gangster's goose, in other words drowning him, and since business is business, annexing his wallet, which, as is the fashion with gangsters, was probably very well filled.

For your gangster always carries great wads of notes on him, whether he is in a slum of New York or Chicago or entertaining you in a fashionable London restaurant; the only man I have ever seen take out a bundle of £100 notes in order to pay for a £1 lunch went to prison soon afterwards. He is still there.

Mr. Abraham Sofaer played the Jewish chef with, at times, the resonant dignity of an Old Testament figure, unjustly harassed by the arrows of Fate. As such, he made a good Job of him, even if he idealised the character somewhat. But Mr. Sofaer is always a good actor, and he relented somewhat—or the author allowed him to—when he told his rather nasty daughter, for whom not even the charm of Miss Gina Malo could whack up much sympathy, exactly where she got off, or, rather, exactly with whom she had got off. This girl, shallow-pated and wholly absorbed with the doings of cinema celebrities, is to be found in her myriads on both sides of the Atlantic.

She probably couldn't boil an egg or darn a stocking or read anything except film news to save her silly little life. But she could tell you all about Miss Ginger Rogers's latest style of hairdressing and whether Miss Joan Bennett was a blonde or a brunette last Monday week.

Mr. Clement McCallin's "phoney" charm as the gangster is a brilliant piece of work: he brings out but never over-emphasises the essential rottenness of the man.

"Spotted Dick."—O'Bryen, Linnit, and Dunfee will produce the new Ben Travers farce, *Spotted Dick*, at the Hippodrome, Brighton, on Monday, July 31, prior to its presentation at a West End theatre. Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, Joyce Barbour, Guy Middleton, and Carla Lehmann will be in the principal parts. After Brighton the piece will visit Southsea and Blackpool.

MARGARETTA SCOTT CARRIES HER STAGE CAREER ANOTHER STEP FORWARD by her acting as the thwarted genius in *Alien Corn*, at Wyndham's. With her is John Clements

DENMARK'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE: John Gielgud and Fay Compton standing beside the Danish memorial to the Bard which has just been unveiled at Kronborg Castle, Elsinore—an event that coincided with the production of *Hamlet* on a stage set up in the courtyard of the castle, Mr. Gielgud playing the title role and Miss Compton the part of Ophelia. A review of the play by Philip Page, who visited Kronborg for the occasion, appeared in "The Sphere" of July 15

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the great pioneer of the telephone, is the theme of the new picture *The Modern Miracle* in which Don Ameche plays the part of the inventor. Bell derived his first receiver from an invention designed to aid the deaf. He died in Nova Scotia in 1922

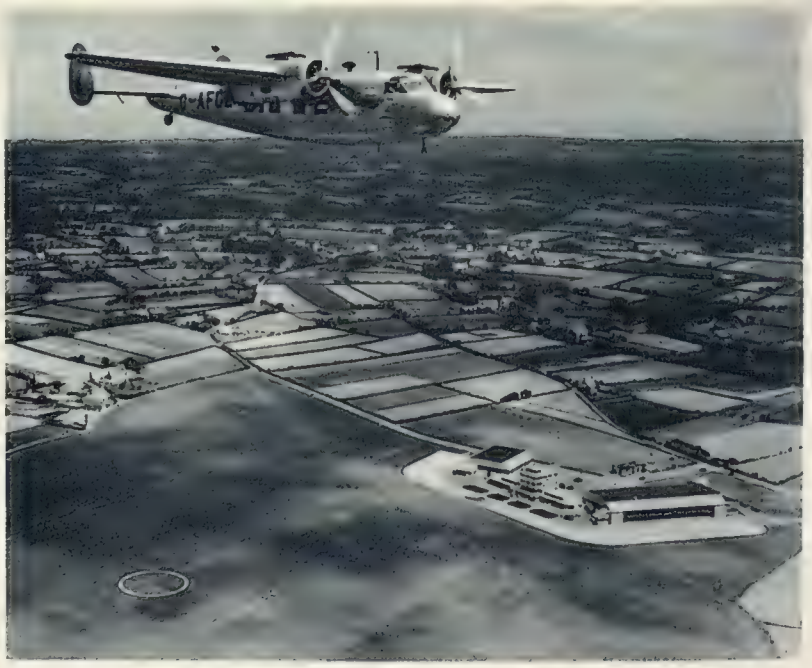
On left — **STRANGE INTERLUDE IN HOLLYWOOD:** Not often is permission granted to glimpse behind the scenes when the glamorous Garbo is preparing to go on the set at the M.G.M. studios; so this picture is news. Miss Garbo is seen squatting on the floor, wearing pyjamas, while Director Ernst Lubitch (right) takes her over the script of her new film *Ninotchka*. Co-starring with her is Melvyn Douglas who is seen wearing a sports coat over his evening clothes

SAN DIEGO TO FELIXSTOWE: HESTON TO JERSEY

THE FIRST MILITARY AEROPLANE EVER TO BE FLIGHT-DELIVERED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: The Consolidated flying boat Model 28-5 at rest in San Diego Harbour, California, before setting out for Felixstowe, England, via Botwood, Newfoundland. The Consolidated arrived safely at Felixstowe last week, making the long trip of 5,750 miles without mishap. She has been bought, just as other foreign aircraft have been bought by the Air Ministry, in order to be tested and examined in British conditions of service. She is largely constructed of aluminium alloy. The type has a range of 4,200 miles when carrying a fair military load

"LANDFALL" IN ENGLAND: The Consolidated flying boat at Felixstowe after completing her 5,750-mile flight from San Diego, the only halt on the way being at Botwood, Newfoundland. The Consolidated has many unusual features, including wing tips that can be retracted during flight in order to reduce wind resistance to a minimum. The U.S. Navy is now using long-range bombers of this type for patrol work and in certain respects they are supplanting destroyers. The carrying capacity is said to exceed that of any military plane manufactured in Europe, this being in part accounted for by the skilful positioning of the fuel tanks

CONSOLIDATEDS FLYING IN FORMATION: The long-range bombers seen as they set out on a delivery flight from the American mainland to Pearl Harbour, Honolulu. Many similar routine delivery flights between bases thousands of miles apart have been carried out by the makers with 100 per cent. success. *Above on right*—The crew of the Consolidated at Felixstowe



LONDON TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS IN AN HOUR: The first of the Flamingo air liners to go into service flying over Jersey airport when about to complete the 180-mile journey from Heston in fast flying time. Shortly the machine will be making several trips every day. The saloon, fitted with twelve armchair seats, has ample headroom. *On left*—The Flamingo at rest on the concrete at Jersey airport

"THE HOUNDS OF SPRING"! Streamlined fencers of the greyhound track demonstrate in this picture the very perfection of jumping action. In the accompanying article Noel Thompson describes how increasingly fast times have been set up since greyhound racing started

The SLEDMERE *of* GREYHOUND RACING

A Visit to Barrow Hills, where Track Champions of the Future are Enjoying their Puppyhood

By NOEL THOMPSON

IF you wander along the pleasant country road that leads from Virginia Water to the hamlet of Long Cross, you may notice dotted here and there small cottages with yellowish cream walls. The window ledges, eaves, and doors are of a pleasant shade of blue. Even the little post office has the same colour scheme.

If you are observant you will notice curling off to the left from the tarred roadway a broad concrete road, with a cycle track on one side and on the other a broad footpath. It leads through trees and sloping fields apparently absolutely nowhere. A notice marked "Private" and a light barrier prevent motorists from thinking that they have found the ideal deserted by-pass road.

It was by putting two and two together that I found the clue. The blue and yellow of the cottages stand for the blue and yellow colours of the Greyhound Racing Association, and the broad roadway, as I realised, was the first visible sign of the great new training and breeding kennels which are to be erected there, well separated from the highway, in the heart of the country.

So enormously and steadily has the industry of greyhound racing developed since its humble start in Manchester in 1926 that nothing less than a greyhound city is necessary for the breeding, rearing and training of them. It is estimated that when completed this greyhound city at Barrow Hills—the name of the estate that has been acquired—will have cost £250,000, with its cottages for kennel boys, staff and manager, resident vets., cooks and engineers. It is even planned to build a private aerodrome there! It is only necessary to look at a few figures to discover why such a great establishment has become essential.

When the sport started the first dogs were acquired from coursing owners. Two years later, in 1928, the National Greyhound Racing Club, which stands in the same position as the Jockey Club does to horse racing, began keeping a register of dogs, and since that date 65,000 dogs have been registered. Every detail is noted down and no dog can race on a licensed track without its "passport" which, apart from the description, gives also its performances in all its races. There are now 7,500 dogs in training, with a value of close on £250,000.

FROM Barrow Hills I walked a mile or so with the intention of inspecting a few thousand pounds' worth of champions of the future. I expected a sign, or at least the excited yapping of dogs, to guide me without difficulty to Fancourt Farm, where the bitches and their puppies are housed, but, in fact, I twice passed the unpretentious little red brick farmhouse in ignorance. The paddocks are screened from the road.

I found it a sensation to see a litter of wobbling, friendly little snub-nosed puppies snuffling through the wire netting, and to realise that within two years any one of them might be streaking to the front in the Greyhound Derby, with 90,000 people cheering themselves hoarse when it was first past the post.

In the puppy stage there is nothing streamlined about them, no long legs or sharp nose, merely a friendly little thing which might be the perfect pet for the type of woman who likes something cuddly.

In actual fact she could not buy one of these for love or money. Any one might prove a champion worth thousands, or a "scrubbing brush"—the name my guide gave to a useless hound worth only a couple of guineas. Not till they have been trained, at about thirteen months, and tried out at fourteen months, are they even named, or their value approximately known. Most of the names are waiting for them now, but they have to prove they can race before they earn them.

Meanwhile, that shuffling little fellow answers to the name of "Pinkie" as he crawls from beneath a hut thinking we have brought some food for him. For my guide, Mr. Grant, manages the kennels, with the help of two youths. In view of the fact that he has seventeen bitches and sixty-eight valuable puppies on his hands at the moment it can be seen that his is a responsible job. Especially when, as happened recently, two litters of eight and nine arrived on the same night, and a further litter of eight the next night. No sleep for him.

THE FOOD STAKES: Champions by breeding and potential champions of the track hurry forward for their dinner at Fancourt Farm, Barrow Hills, the breeding centre for the Greyhound Racing Association. In a little over a year most of them will be racing

Wandering past the large paddocks and hearing the names of the parents is like looking through old race programmes. Here are bitches Silver Duchess, Gay Revels, My Beauty and Bellringer. Here are bitches muzzled to prevent them fighting.

Greyhounds, I learn, do not snarl and bark when fighting. Silently one may be brought down and the others leap on top; a few bites, and within minutes, with little more than a scuffle, there is a dead greyhound. They are the friendliest dogs, except to each other. But such incidents are very rare here because the dogs are taken away for training while very young—and one more responsibility is taken off Mr. Grant's hands.

SEVEN lovely puppies canter along beside me (by Beef Cutlet–Golf Report, the latter a bitch by Wild Woolley) and near them litters of five and six by Shove Ha'penny. Then a litter of which much is expected, the first by Wattle Bark, a Derby winner. Another Wattle Bark litter (six weeks old), out of Jantar, this time nine of them, and all very skittish. Heavens, I think, here is greyhound history of the future being paraded before me. And I shall never remember in a few months time to look them up in the race card, or even that I saw them (because I'm built that way).

The breeding, of course, is very carefully done, but no one can foresee results perfectly.

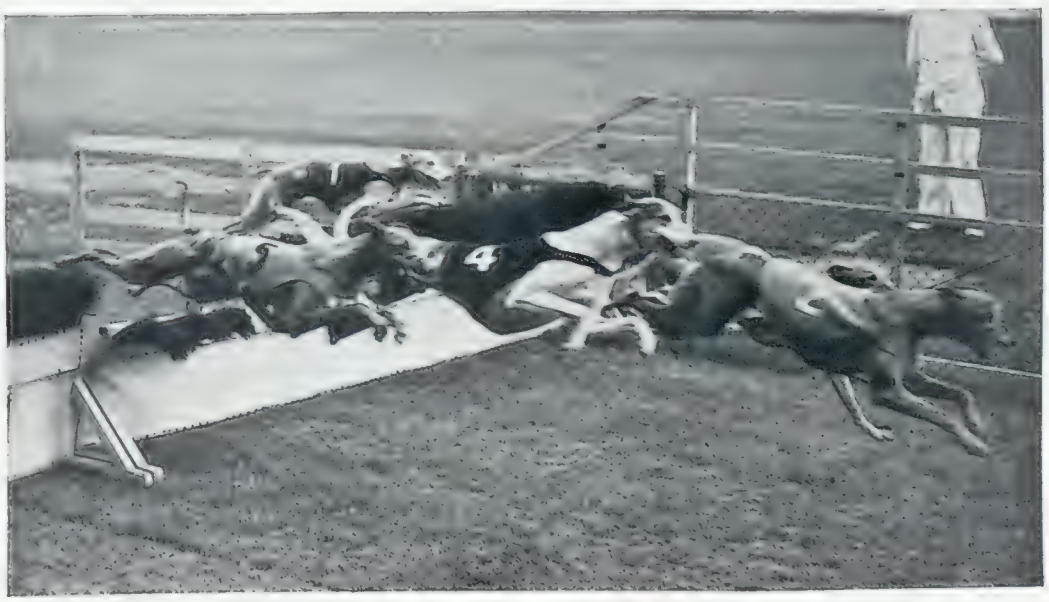
I saw the food prepared for the dogs, whose meal times run: milk, 8 a.m.; bread and soup, 11.30 a.m.; milk at 2 p.m.; soup again at 4.30 p.m.; and milk finally at 7 p.m.

BEDTIME is when it gets really dark, which means in summer as late as 11 p.m., and since they are out in the paddocks by 6 30 a.m. that means no short day's work looking after these precious animals. Especially when the soup has to be cooked from onions, oxhead, liver, pearl barley, cabbage and special brown bread. Even the milk they drink comes from their own herd adjoining the farm.

After all of which I begin to realise the need for the new Greyhound City on Barrow Hills, where there is endless space, pure air and quiet. In seven years the G.R.A. have raised nearly 1,000 puppies now racing, or their progeny, all over the world. And to give some idea of the value of this scientific breeding, compare these records :—

1927: 525 yards flat. Entry Badge. 30.13 seconds.
1939: 525 yards flat. Gayhunter. 29.21 seconds.
1927: 525 yards hurdles. Bill Ekin. 32.47 seconds.
1939: 525 yards hurdles. Juvenile Classic. 30.35 seconds.

My only worry now is that having learned so much about greyhounds I shall never be able to spot a winner again.



On right—ALL IN THE AIR TOGETHER AT THE FIRST HURDLE: A remarkable action picture showing greyhounds all with their legs off the ground at the same time

COMFORT COMES FIRST

But Cut is of Supreme Importance When one is Choosing Holiday Clothes

CHECKS FOR TRAVELLERS, big ones, the sort that cannot fail to make an impression. The girl on the right is wearing Burberry's travel coat of Cumberland tweed checked in greige, yellow, and sea green on an oatmeal ground. A wide beaver panel runs down the front and the bishop sleeves, very snug and warm because they are set into a wrist-band, are trimmed with curved insets. Burberry's are using a lot of checks for the autumn, particularly in black and white for suits with long, matching capes, accented with black pipings and collars

EVERYBODY WEARS SLACKS now. No longer are they rather exciting novelties. They have become necessities; partly because they are so useful and comfortable for sports wear, and to a very great extent because they are now cut with such precision that they flatter the figure. The new Dunlop trousers are specially designed and man-tailored for women. They are made in worsted flannels, in "rough stuff," in velvet cord material, and in linen, all of them cut with two pleats at the waist, where a concealed lightning fastener and an extension band at the side give perfect support and a beautifully smooth hip line. The worsted flannels cost only 25s., and the shorts, similarly cut and made in the same types of material, are 21s. You can see, in the photograph on the right, how beautifully they are balanced, and how easy they are to wear. The golfer is wearing Dunlop shoes in navy and white suède fabric, perforated for coolness, and with a wedge heel. They cost 5s. 11d., but that is one of those things that nobody would ever guess

MAINLY MALE

Some People in the Public Eye

A DIPLOMAT MAKES HIS BOW: Don Octavio Senoret (*right*), Chilean Ambassador to London, with Sir Sidney Clive, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, as he left for the Palace to present his credentials

ARMED WITH BRITISH REASSURANCES: Count Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador to London, boarded a Warsaw-bound plane at Croydon on July 4, and within twelve hours was in conversation with Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, whom he was able to inform of Britain's firm attitude of support over the Danzig question

BEARING HIS LETTERS OF CREDENCE, M. Ivan Soubbotitch, the Yugoslavian Minister to London, is seen as he left his Legation en route to the Palace where he was received in audience by the King

HONOURS FOR OFFICERS OF THE TRANS-JORDAN FRONTIER FORCE: Captain Hooper, who received the M.C., Colonel Chrystal, C.B.E., Captain Hackett, M.B.E., and Captain Willis, M.C., pictured together outside Buckingham Palace after attending last week's Investiture. *Left*—Also honoured was Lieut.-Colonel Peake, Commander of the Arab Legion in Trans-Jordan and an old friend of Colonel Lawrence, who received the C.M.G.

SOMETHING TO DANCE ABOUT: Miss Alice Marble, winner of the Wimbledon Women's Singles and two doubles championships, and R. L. Riggs, winner of the Men's Singles and two doubles championships, pictured at the Lawn Tennis Association Ball at Grosvenor House. *On right*—Wimbledon finalist Kay Stammers with Mrs. Carlos Clarke at the Moor Park charity golf contest

"WIGTOWN PLOUGHMAN" is the title of John McNeillie's new book which has just been published by Putnam. Mr. McNeillie describes in distinctly sensational fashion the life of the Wigtown farming folk to-day

The World of Books

WAS MUNICH A GERMAN DEFEAT?

Asks the Former Nazi Leader Dr. Rauschning in His Revealing Book "Germany's Revolution of Destruction"—B. L. Coombes Describes A Miner's Life in the Welsh Coalfields

By VERNON FANE

THERE was Austria; and then Czechoslovakia, they were the crises of yesterday. To-day, or, at least, when these lines are being written, it is Danzig. Once again we are living under the threat of a world war, and those who believe that each of these successive crises were the result of problems local to Austria, Czechoslovakia or Danzig are recommended to read *Mein Kampf*.

There has now appeared, in an English translation, a book which it is reported the author of *Mein Kampf* fears more than any of the writings of those politically opposed to him. *Die Revolution des Nihilismus* by Hermann Rauschning has been most ably translated by Mr. E. W. Dickes under the title of GERMANY'S REVOLUTION OF DESTRUCTION (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.).

Dr. Rauschning writes with the authority of a former leader of the National Socialist party. He comes of an ancient land-owning family in East Prussia, was a member of the privileged officer class, fought and was wounded in the last war. By virtue of his vast agricultural interests he became president of the Danzig Farmers' Association, and believing at the time that the National Socialists offered the only way out of Germany's troubles, he joined the Nazi party and was elected president of the Danzig Senate. When, however, the era of the brutal suppression of all political opponents, Jews and Catholics set in, Dr. Rauschning appealed personally to Hitler, who vouchsafed no reply, and he retired and was forced to flee the Free City for reasons of personal safety.

Such is the background of the man who, born and bred with a strong and unswerving sense of the duty of service to a Christian state, can examine in critical, philosophical terms the forces which he believes are leading his beloved Germany to destruction. It is a great book, and because its author is a thinker who would recognise the fallacy of countering destruction with one-sided criticism, it bears no trace of rancour or bitterness.

In those chapters at the beginning of the book where Dr. Rauschning goes deep into the theory and practice of revolution in Europe, and with particular reference to his own country, the English reader may find the going a little difficult. He will, however, be wise to read carefully and to weigh words which spring from a deep meaning. When he arrives at that part of the book which deals with "the redistribution of the world, or the trends and methods of German foreign policy," the English reader will not fail to realise how closely this problem is affecting, and will affect, his national and personal life. He will then see how the political motive forces and tendencies in the Third Reich, with all its dynamic revolutionary urge, flows into Nazi foreign policy, and how Europe and the rest of the world cannot be free from menace until Germany herself has rest from her own disorders.

"The actual slogan," says Dr. Rauschning, "of the dynamic policy is not the return to the land, but imperial expansion into a greater Germany carved out of Europe. And, secondly, the idea of making an end of the military power of France in a final struggle, and reducing that 'hereditary enemy' to secondary political importance in consonance with its diminishing population, is no longer regarded as a primary political task. These aims, mentioned in *Mein Kampf* and in the older popular literature of the party, have largely been put out of date by the course of events, or at all events have been allowed to fall into the background. They do not touch the essence of National Socialist policy, the popular formulation of which may be summed up in the familiar lines of a marching song of the Hitler Youth:

Heute gehort uns Deutschland,
Morgen die ganze welt . . .

'To-day we own Germany, to-morrow all the world.'"

Germany's Revolution of Destruction is indeed a great book, and worthy of examination by everyone who seeks to understand the nature of the forces so violently disrupting the world to-day. For so noble a patriot it must have been a tragic book to write, for Dr. Rauschning can find in Nazism nothing but the seeds of its own destruction and a consequent period of misery for his country. Even Munich seems to him to be a moral and diplomatic defeat for Hitler, for it was Munich which roused the whole world to resist him. "Already Germany has failed," says Dr. Rauschning, "war or no war."

Mr. B. L. Coombes dedicates his first book, an autobiography, to an editor, "who cheered me by publishing my first short stories and who encouraged me to write this book"; a tribute which, one hopes, will give mutual pleasure, but which is also an interesting indication of the author's literary activities up to date.

THESE POOR HANDS (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is his first full length book and, although the story of his personal experience, suffers a good deal from the fault of formlessness. This is a technical fault and bears no relation to the facts of the writer's life but rather to the lack of coherence in his recital of those facts.

It will be interesting to see, as I imagine we shortly will, how Mr. Coombes adapts himself to the more exact form which novel writing imposes. In the meantime he reveals himself as a writer of serious intentions and as a man with an impulse towards social justice.

As a boy Mr. Coombes lived on a farm in Herefordshire, worked hard, and was poorly paid for that work. When he was eighteen he decided to become a miner and was engaged at a Welsh colliery. In writing of himself from that moment it is exclusively as a miner that he presents himself, although his interests ranged over a wider field; he studied the violin and his reading included the works of Tchekov and George Borrow.

Mining itself and the life of a miner, rather than a development of the personal theme, is Mr. Coombes' subject, and the book loses a great deal, through this treatment, of the intimacy and frankness which it might have had. Personal experiences, certainly, are recounted, but they are nearly all in the form of dialogue, which gives a curiously unreal and fictional aspect to a work whose honesty is its greatestrecommendation.

Only when speaking of the conditions in which miners work does Mr. Coombes genuinely win our sympathy and communicate something of his own indignation. The miners, he contends, are underpaid, unfairly treated, and live in constant and horrible physical danger for which no compensation could be adequate. They hate their work and yet will not turn to any other trade while they can still find employment in their own.

More than that, they will not consider offers of work in a colliery in another part of the country, which would mean leaving their own circle of friends. Whether this is a general view it is hard to know, but there is no mistaking the genuine feeling of such a passage as this:

"If a man is sensitive and thinks about things he must surely get to hate the injustice of it all. I feel I hate the continual slavery and dust; the poor clothes and bare living; the need for decent men to beg their bread . . . I think often that if this is all that our two thousand years of Christianity has accomplished, then the sooner we admit it has failed, the better; but I believe in my heart that it would not have failed if we had more men who practise what they preach . . . this world is so full of good things; there is plenty for all . . ."

The heroine of Miss Kate Mary Bruce's new novel, MEET ME AT GOOLY'S (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is a club; the hero its secretary, who explains his devotion to the heroine and her various types of members and their hangers-on wistfully in the first person.

Gooly's is pleasantly situated at the respectable end of Piccadilly. You can't miss it, for the "commissionaire on the door, a stoutish, red-faced man with pop-eyes, a bulbous nose, and an Ole Bill moustache," was a London character. He was on varying terms of familiarity with all the members. "The Captain," Jamie and Roddy, those golden youths, the Flea and the Dole—relics of the war generation; Michaelis, the smooth Levantine, as well as Henry Harton, one of those polished and cynical aristocrats so beloved of witty novelists.

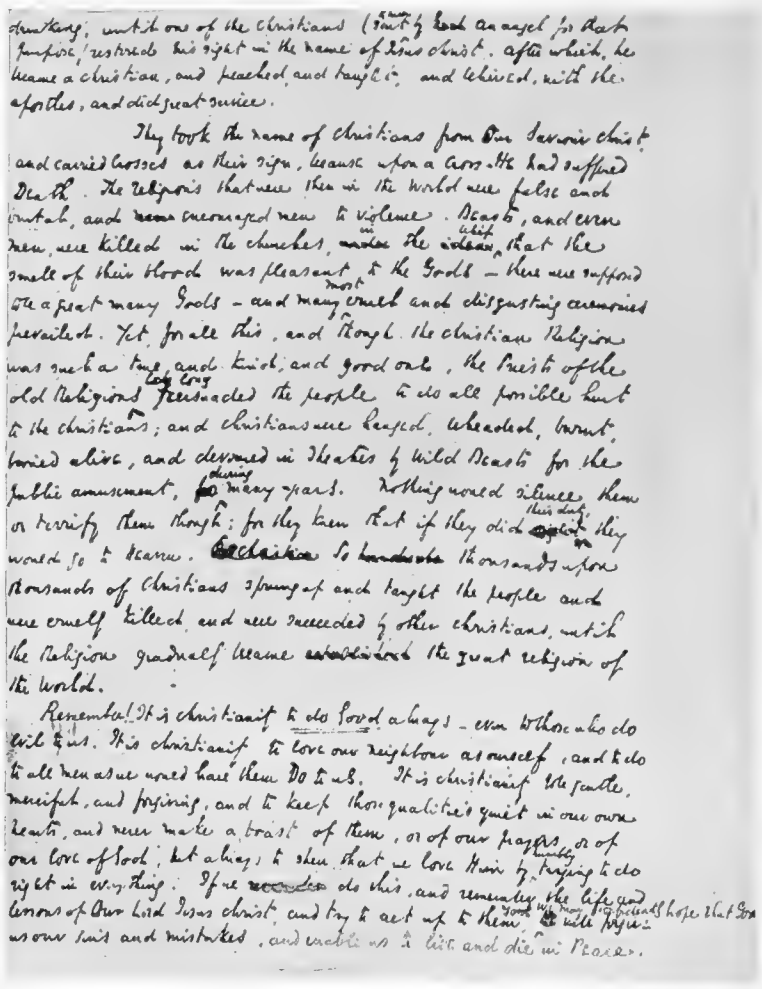
And, of course, there is a ladies' side. There is Cara, married to the dull old Dole, but of a fatal fascination for all men, rich and poor, one with another. Then there is the ethereal Angela, fair and willowy, who drank a lot, but somehow managed to leave behind her, not the aroma of gin and french, but the smell of lilac after rain. In addition there is Mrs. Cap, referred to by her affectionate husband as the Old Dish and who, alas, has to die so tragically that the full story of Auriole Stallibrass, the heartless, platinum film star, may be told.

Full measure is afforded on the female side by that old dragon, Lady Trench, and that stiff-upper-lip-all-through girl, Lady Maggs.

Two of these excellent people have to die in desperate circumstances and the aforesaid secretary gets mixed up with all their adventures. The novel has the air of being good Dekobra out of Michael Arlen, competently managed by a lady novelist of the old school.

THE BOOK THAT DICKENS WROTE FOR HIS CHILDREN

The Complete Autograph MS. of the "Life of Our Lord" to be Sold in London



This is an extract from the complete autograph manuscript of the "Life of Our Lord"—the book that Charles Dickens wrote essentially for his children and which outside his family circle was practically unknown until, in 1934, following the death of Sir Henry Dickens, it appeared in serial form in the "Daily Mail" and some hundreds of newspapers in Canada and the United States. Now the manuscript is to be auctioned and some keen bidding is anticipated at next Tuesday's sale at Sotheby's, for a Dickens manuscript of such consequence and of such a peculiarly intimate character is to say the least a rarity these days. The MS. is written very clearly and in the plainest possible language. It is reproduced here by the permission of the proprietors of the "Daily Mail," the owners of the copyright

This England . . .

Towards the North Riding

THE hedgerows of England are in trouble again. To the farmers who hold that they harbour enemies and—with their attendant ditches—take up too much room, are added the cushioned tourists who complain that they cannot see over the top! Yet will our hedges survive. For they give shelter to the beasts of the field; they hold the rains and so defend the lowland levels from the flood; the enemies that nest therein live rather by grubs than grain. As to the space a hedge demands, since when has the English tradition been one of cheese-paring? Rather are we generous in all we do—and richly have we been rewarded. Would your Worthington so grandly regale you were it not brewed generously, from the richest our soil may give, used without stint?

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C.3 CONDITIONS ON THE A.1 ROAD

England's Great Highway to the North is, In Places, as Narrow as a Country Lane

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

MOST of our so-called great highways are totally inadequate for the traffic they have to bear. Up to now I have always looked upon the London–Portsmouth road as being less suitable for its work than any of the other great highways, but I happened to traverse a portion of the Great North Road the other week-end which I have not driven upon for some time and I quickly realised that the portion between Baldock and the district near Huntingdon was, in many places, little better than a country lane. Yet this great highway to the north is the A.1 road of this country. I doubt if there is any other highway which carries a greater volume of lorry traffic both day and night than this Great North Road, and the result, of course, is that overtaking is almost impossible, at any rate on the stretch to which I refer. Apart from the traffic the road bends and twists for no reason that can be seen, a fact which also contributes to the formation of long queues of cars behind each lorry.

Near Biggleswade some work appears to be in progress in connection with the road, but I should think that at the rate of advancement at present apparent the widening operations will be completed in about ten years time. Where these works are proceeding the existing road surmounts a slight rise, but in the adjoining field where the road widening works are being carried out a steam navvy is at work excavating the earth so that the new portion of the road should have no gradient, or at any rate a very slight one. This is just one example of what appears to me to be the tendency of the present-day road surveyor. This individual will give us umpteen unnecessary corners in the good old English tradition, but shies at allowing any new road to have any perceptible gradient.

In the days of the horse and cart there was much to be said for such thoughtfulness, but to-day, when the modern motor car, even those of small h.p., can romp up any main road gradient almost in top gear, it seems to me quite a waste of money and a waste of time in excavating earth so as to give us a flat road. Many of the bends in our new by-passes have been created because the surveyors wanted to avoid hills. I am not losing sight of the fact that the brow of a hill, if it is steep enough, can be just as dangerous as a corner simply because drivers cannot see what they are going to meet on the other side of the summit. But this danger entirely disappears if the surveyors will give us roads having dual carriageways, and that is the type which should be made exclusively in these days.

While dwelling on the subject of roads I venture to suggest that a lot of unnecessary work and a tremendous amount of inconvenience is caused through widening existing roads, where these lie in the country. The simplest, and, I am certain, the cheapest, way of converting an existing road into one twice its width is to construct another running parallel or nearly parallel with it. This method, which has been adopted by those responsible for modernising the London–Brighton road, allows the traffic to use the existing thoroughfare almost without interference whilst the new parallel portion is being constructed. If there is some distance between the new and the old parallel carriageways it is, if anything, an advantage, for at night time the headlamps of cars using one of the roadways will not blind the drivers on the other.

For a long time now I have been watching with interest the works in progress on the London–Portsmouth road. In a large measure these consist of re-surfacing, and a method is being adopted which I have not seen in any other county. Apparently the old surface is raked up and then a fierce-some looking lorry comes on the scene. At the back of this vehicle is what looks like a huge inverted funnel, the purpose of which is to apply heat to the road itself. When the lorry has done its work a terribly rough black surface remains and the A.A., with their usual efficiency, place a yellow and black notice at the beginning and end of the portion under treatment bearing the words "Caution—Temporary Surface." To me no road authority should be permitted to leave a road in such a condition even for a short space of time, but on the Portsmouth road this temporary surface has remained long enough for the word "temporary" to be altered to "permanent."

Judging by what has taken place before, I know that a fresh top-dressing of tarred material will be rolled in in due course, and the surface will then be completed. I would dearly like to know what advantage this system has over others, because from my observations the result is not nearly so good as that produced by more orthodox methods in other districts. The road down from Hind-head to Thursley has recently been treated in this manner, and in many parts the finished surface is anything but smooth.

The great majority of motorists at week-ends usually find themselves in a long queue of traffic either going to the city or returning from the sea or country. We all know what a night-mare the drive home on such occasions during the hours of darkness can be, but I wonder if it is worse than driving against this stream of traffic. I have tried hard to make up my mind as to which set of circumstances I prefer, as every week-end I sample both. When one forms a unit in the usual long queue approaching the city, one at any rate is more or less safe, provided time is not pressing and one can retain one's place in the procession.

Driving out from the city against the stream of traffic, particularly when headlamps have to be lighted, is perhaps a quicker operation, but definitely more risky. To start with, some of the opposing drivers do not dip their headlamps and I find that if I retaliate a number of those approaching me who have dipped theirs turn their lamps full on not knowing that my action was dictated by someone approaching me farther up in the queue. The position thus becomes more annoying, and so the only thing to do is to drive on past all oncoming traffic

(*Continued on page 154*)

MISS BARBARA STRACHAN, who was presented at Court last year, with her new Daimler Twenty-four with which she won the special award for the most distinguished car entered in the Ramsgate Concours d'Elegance which took place last Saturday week

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Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

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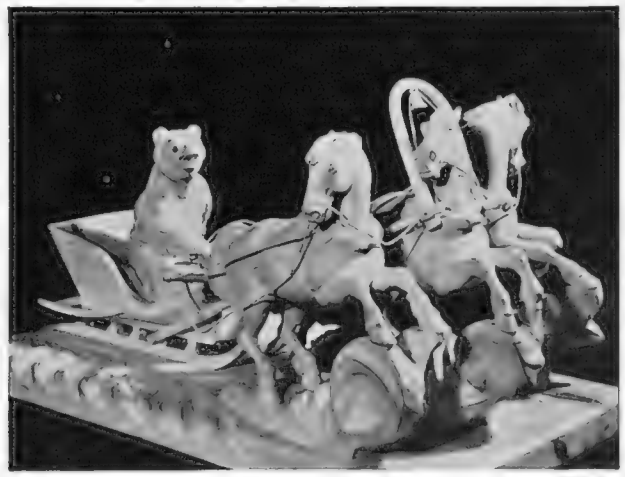
FOLK ART IN SOVIET RUSSIA

And Other Art News of Current Interest—Romneys for Sale

A ROMNEY PAIR: "Sir Robert Shore Milnes" (*left*) and "Lady Milnes" (*right*) as painted by this great eighteenth-century portraitist. The two pictures came up for auction at Christie's last week. Sir Robert Milnes was at one time Governor of Martinique, and afterwards held the same posts in Lower Canada and in the province of Quebec. His wife was a great-granddaughter of the 1st Earl of Portland

THE descriptive pamphlet introducing Folk Art in the U.S.S.R., now showing at Caxton Hall, Westminster, states that: "There is not a single nation in the U.S.S.R. which has not its own talented masters and teachers, who create with enthusiasm new forms with age-old tools and materials," and on examination of the varied objects in this exhibition one may readily believe it.



THE LEGEND OF GENERAL TOPTIGAN forms the theme of this fine wood-carving in the Soviet Folk Art and Handicrafts Exhibition now taking place at Caxton Hall, Westminster

Their folk art displays objects of great variety and shows tendencies traceable, in many cases, to their original inspiration in various corners of Asia and Europe. Pottery sheep with curled horns and decorative bodies are plainly of Greek origin, probably influenced by the Greek settlers by the Sea of Azov in the sixteenth century; and similarly the Palekh ware, finely painted and decorated papier-mâché boxes and dishes, seem to have gleaned their colour and composition from Persian and Indian decorative paintings. The same clarity and brilliance of colour and the use of a black background figured with minute detailed pattern and scenery appears in practically all these pieces. Although this fascinating ware is so reminiscent of 15th and 16th century southern Asiatic influences, the majority of subjects depicted are decidedly modern.

Two groups of particular interest show *A Choom installed with Radio* and a set of chessmen. The former displays all the details of an Eskimo encampment—a large tent, sledge, standing and reclining reindeer, a husky, cooking appliances, including a tripod and cauldron, fur-clad men and women, and a large loud-speaker attached to a pole outside the tent. None of the figures is more than two inches in height yet every detail is perfect.

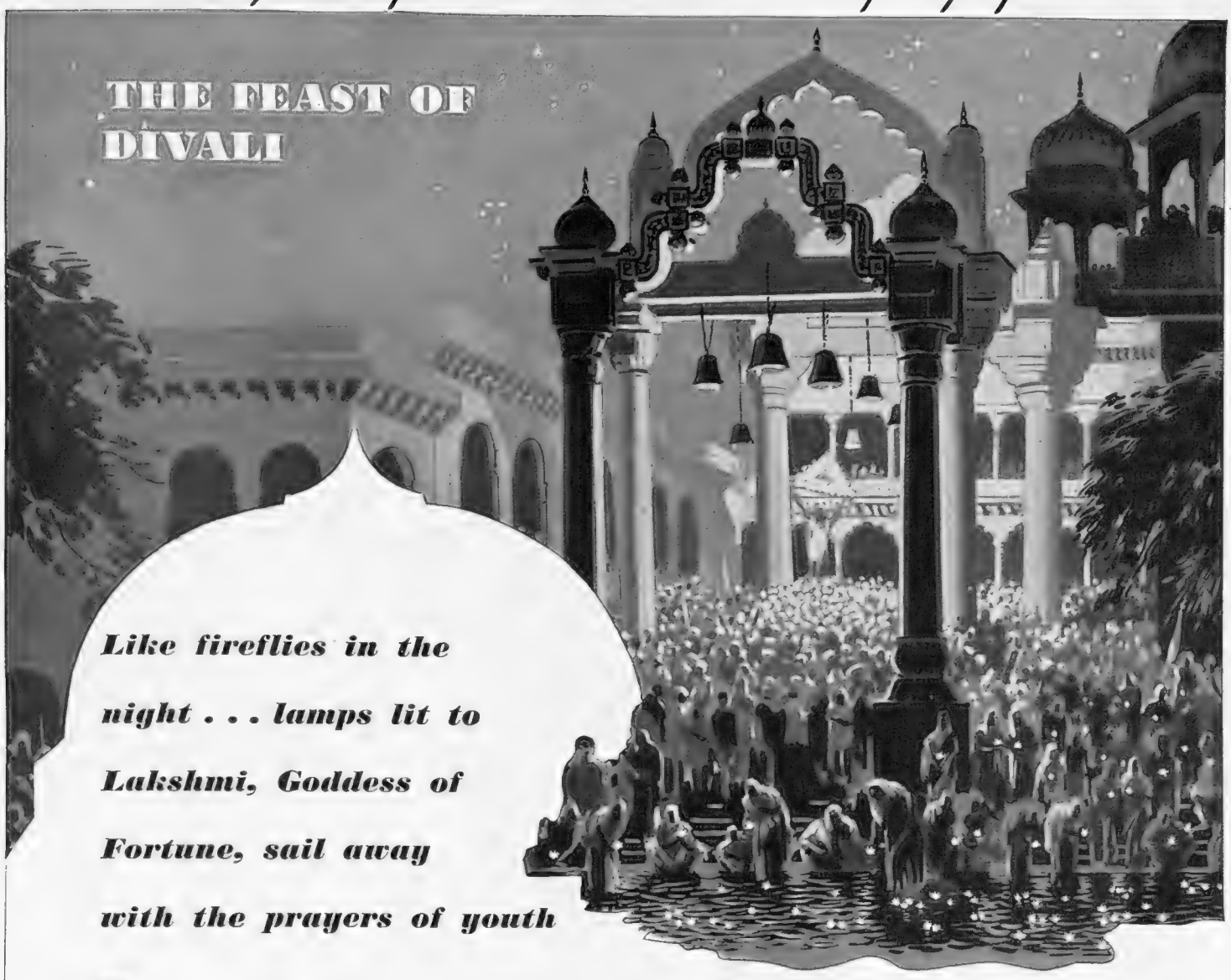
The pieces on the chess-board have been interpreted to local uses by replacing the traditional king and queen with a carved likeness of the chairman of the local Soviet and wife! Little Eskimos are the pawns, and reindeer the knights.

Particularly interesting is a Koujakian woman's outfit made in reindeer fur and decorated lavishly in blue, black, and white beadwork, the outfit comprising cap, coat and jackboots. Another wonderful piece of handiwork is a horse-cloth of red felt with a blue fringe, finely embroidered in a rich variety of colours.

I. B.

THE GREAT MOSAIC OF PRAVA DA ROCHA: A section of the magnificent pavement which has been brought to light at this resort in southern Portugal. It adorned a Roman palace and the find was made through a farmer remarking to an archæologist that his labourers were constantly turning up queer little coloured stones while ploughing. The foundations of the palace were found only a few feet below the surface

Once in your life . . . . . see the glory of India



Like fireflies in the night . . . lamps lit to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, sail away with the prayers of youth

Long rows of flickering lamps jewel each village door and window . . . chains of gold in the warm Indian dusk. Only the afterglow now remains to lighten the deep velvet of the sky, as, all over India, girls and young women come silently to river and lake, their footsteps soft on the stone steps of the ghat. Each carries a small earthenware lamp, a messenger to send to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune. One by one they set their lamps afloat and, watched with eager, anxious eyes by the bright sari'ed figures on the shore, the frail cockle-shell craft drift away on the current, their flames rising and falling like fireflies as they dance in the soft wind. The dreams of youth are their cargoes; hope and silent prayer their guide, for Lakshmi sends good fortune and happiness to those whose lamps survive. Behind, in the village, fireworks and illuminations send sudden fire into the night, and the sound of rejoicing and merry-making echoes through the silent trees.

It is Divali, the feast of lamps, sacred to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, celebrated in India every year in the month of Karttika.

Come to India and see Divali for yourself. In India every step you take is on ground hallowed by fantastic history and tradition, every corner unfolds some new scene of incredible beauty. See Agra and the Taj Mahal, Delhi, Benares, Fatehpur Sikri: each is unforgettable. Once in your life you must visit India.

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Keymer

HAVENS OF SUNSHINE: What the Cruising Companies Have to Offer the Holidaymaker in Late Summer

I.—THE FJORDS AND THE ATLANTIC ISLES

Courtesy P. and O.

THE "VICEROY OF INDIA" AT ULVIK: The liner at anchor in one of the fjords. She departs on August 4 for a northern cruise of three weeks, Stockholm being one of her ports of call

BETWEEN now and the end of September, liners taken from the established trade routes or steamers specially built for the purpose will make between forty and fifty cruises from the ports of these islands. That does not take into account the considerable number of cruises of two or three days to the Continent, the runs to several ports which come at the beginning or the end of a regular liner's long voyage, or the journeys which some steamers make all the year round, through scenery or in a climate which justifies their inclusion if the term cruise is given a very wide interpretation.

The state of Europe has inevitably had some repercussions on the cruising business but on looking through the programme of shipping companies' arrangements issued early this year, it is gratifying to see how little it has been revised. This indicates that sea holidays have as strong a pull as ever.

Our cruising waters may be divided into three general sections—Norway and the Baltic, the Atlantic Isles, and the Mediterranean. They have about equal shares in the programme I am dealing with and in this first article I am writing of the north and the Atlantic Isles. The season of the northern waters is still going strong, although there is not quite as much sun at midnight in some parts as there was a month ago. At Tromso, which is well inside the Arctic Circle, the whole dial is visible until this week-end and North Cape retains it until the end of next week, but the phenomenon maintains its interest as long as any part is showing.

The middle of August sees the end of the farthest north cruises, but much later than that there are some most attractive runs to that very beautiful part of Norway from Christiansund to Stavanger.

The French liner *De Grasse* is putting into Granton next Wednesday on her way to Iceland, Spitzbergen, and North Cape, and then a leisurely cruise along the coast of Norway. She makes an unusual but interesting call for a cruising vessel—Thorshaven in the Faroes. This group, also known as the Sheep Islands, belongs to Denmark, and is about 200 miles beyond the Shetlands. Here passengers will also get a sight of lonely Jan Mayen island on the way from Iceland to the Ice Barrier, or Glaces de la Banquise as the French call it.

The *Orion* (Orient) is leaving Immingham next Saturday for Iceland, first making a call at Kirkwall, quite an interesting touch, and an unusual one. From Reykjavik, she will make for the Norwegian coast, her first call being Molde, known as the "City of Roses," and from the neighbourhood there are lovely views of the Romsdal. Calling here and there along the coast the liner makes her way to Oslo, thence to Aarhus, second city of Denmark, Copenhagen and home.

Another sailing next week-end is the *Vandyck* (Lamport and Holt). She sails from Liverpool and goes to Christiansand on the southern tip of Norway, and that call allows an interesting overland journey to Arendal picturesquely situated among rocks and islands. Ibsen's old home was in this neighbourhood. From Arendal the journey is along the coast and in the sheltered waters of Oslo Fjord. The itinerary allows the best part of a day in the capital, and in that time, short as it is, it is possible to see some of its chief features.

A number of other liners will have set out before the August Bank Holiday and I reckon that nearly a dozen British liners in all will be cruising in the northern waters at that period.

The departures on August 4 include the *Atlantis* (Royal Mail), and *Viceroy of India* and *Strathmore* (P. and O.). The *Atlantis*, sailing from Tilbury, reaches Vik-i-Eidfjord on the Sunday morning. There will be time to make an excursion to the Voringfoss Waterfall, which has a straight drop of more than 500 ft. and is one of the finest in the country. The next call is Olden, a good jumping-off point for the Brigsdal Glacier. Loen, Hellesylt and the typical Norwegian village of Merok follow in the itinerary, and I commend the overland tours, which include a thrilling ride along the new road constructed in 1938 to the summit of the 5,000-ft. peak, Mount Nibba. After a visit to Bergen for a few hours, the return is made to Tilbury, where she is due on the 11th, and the next day she is off again to Oslo, and some of the Baltic ports.

The *Viceroy of India* will be away three weeks, and the first part of the time will be in Norwegian waters. She will land passengers at Oie, Aardal and Laerdal for overland drives. Balholm, Bergen and Oslo are included, and from the capital the liner goes on to Stockholm, Helsingfors and other ports in the Baltic.

The *Strathmore* makes her Baltic calls, Stockholm, Zoppot (the summer bathing resort of the Danzig Free State) and Copenhagen before she goes to the fjords to spend some time at Oystese and Ulvik.

If you want to go a little later in the month, the *Cuba* (French Line) is leaving Havre on August 10—the overnight boat from Southampton will get you there in time—for Bergen and Oslo.

The *Montcalm* (C.P.R.) on one of the popular "Mont" cruises will leave Tilbury on August 26, and call at Oslo before going to Bornholm, the Danish island rich in Scandinavian interest, off the southern tip of Sweden. Afterwards she will visit Stockholm, Aarhus and Copenhagen.

If time is a consideration, you might be interested in the six-day cruises of the *City of Nagpur* (Ellerman City lines) which leaves Hull every Saturday until the end of August, and goes to Christiansand and Oslo—just a sample of Norway and a pleasant sea trip.

I mentioned earlier the liners on long journeys where business takes them to Continental ports. The Union Castle liners sailing from London on the intermediate service to South Africa are among them, and they give you the chance of a look round Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg in the course of eleven or twelve days. The next departure is the *Dunnottar Castle* on August 10, followed by the *Durban Castle* on September 7.

Before entering the Mediterranean we might see what is offering for the Atlantic Isles. The *Stratheden* (P. and O.) is due out from Southampton next Friday on a fortnight's run to Madeira and the small island of Santa Cruz de la Palma whose centre is an extinct volcano. Afterwards she will call at Dakar in French West Africa, which gives a glimpse of the native life of that continent, and Casablanca.

The following day, July 29, the *Montcalm* is going to Madeira, after calling at Gibraltar and Casablanca, and at Lisbon on the way back. The *Montclare*, leaving on August 19 and September 2 and 16, will also visit the Atlantic Isles, making variations in the itinerary to include Santa Cruz and Teneriffe. Sometimes Tangier comes into these "Mont" cruises of the C.P.R.—the *Montclare* on September 2 and the *Montcalm* on September 23. The *Montcalm* will go to Gibraltar, Casablanca, and Lisbon on her cruise on August 12 and will add Algiers to that itinerary on September 9.

The *Vandyck* will make four cruises to Madeira, leaving Liverpool on August 12 and 26, September 9 and 23, and the *Orford* (Orient), sailing from Southampton on September 2, adds Las Palmas and Teneriffe.

The Azores do not often come into cruising itineraries but the *Viceroy of India* is going there again on her cruise starting from Southampton on August 26.

Beverley Brooke

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THE ROAD TO THE GLACIER: A typical fjordland scene in high summer. Those who want to gain a comprehensive view of the whole northland should take note of the coming cruise of the *De Grasse* which, in addition to going among the fjords, visits both Iceland and Spitzbergen

THE PEACE AND QUIETUDE OF MEROK: Few villages more completely epitomise the calm and even tenor of life in fjordland. Many of the cruising liners now call there

Courtesy Canadian Pacific

STOCKHOLM THE MAGNIFICENT: The focal point of cruising in northern waters. To wander through its streets is to see one of the most fascinating of Europe's cities

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HAVENS OF SUNSHINE

II.—The Mediterranean and Southern America

THE next few weeks will see increasing activity in Mediterranean cruising. That, of course, is the usual seasonal tendency.

The *Asturias* (Royal Mail) will be out there during the Bank Holiday week. Leaving on July 29 she will make a run of 2,000 miles to Cannes where she will spend a day, and then move on to Leghorn, this call enabling an unhurried visit to be paid to Pisa where there is more to see than a tower out of the perpendicular. Naples and Algiers are also visited, and she will be back inside the fortnight, but will be away the next morning on another Mediterranean cruise, her first call being Palermo, where there is a lot to see in the few hours' stay. Phaleron Bay, near Piraeus, the port of Athens, is the next stop and it will not be easy to make up your mind what not to see in a city so rich in interest.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU
Special Cruising Section

Rather than lose time debating the point, it would be wise to select one of the organised shore excursions offered by Cooks. The travel agency organises these matters for many of the cruises I have referred to in this article, and you can count on being shown the things that really matter. Bookings can be made aboard the ships, but it is just as well to fix them before you leave this country, particularly where facilities are likely to be limited as at some of the smaller ports of call.

On the way home the *Asturias* will call at Algiers and is due at Southampton on the morning of August 26—a cruise of over 5,000 miles in a few hours under a fortnight. The *Atlantis*, leaving on September 1, will be away twenty-four days, and her itinerary is a particularly attractive one, including Crete, Santorin, Gallipoli, Chanak (for Troy), a sail up the Bosphorus, Istanbul, Tripoli in Libya, and other ports. On September 29 she returns to the Mediterranean.

The *Orford*, which is sailing this week-end for Monte Carlo, Naples and Gibraltar, goes again on August 5, when she will extend the itinerary to the Adriatic and spend thirty-two hours at Venice. The *Orcades* also includes the Adriatic in her cruise, starting on August 26, and will make additional calls at Dubrovnik, Hvar, and Abbazia. Capri (the first call after leaving Southampton), Athens, Rhodes and Messina also come into her itinerary, the cruise occupying twenty-three days.

Greece is also a feature of the cruises of the *Stratheden* and *Strathmore* sailing on August 12 and 19 respectively. The latter goes from Bizerta in North Africa to the fascinating smaller places in Greece, Tinos, Valo and Nauplia and of course Phaleron Bay. Afterwards there are calls at Alexandria, giving the opportunity for a visit to Cairo, and Port Said. The *Viceroy of India* also includes these ports of Egypt in her September cruise, and on the way out goes up the Adriatic to Venice and Dubrovnik. Palermo on the way out and Malta coming home complete an attractive itinerary of twenty-three days cruising.

In addition to the three main cruising grounds in this part of the world the other side of the Atlantic also comes into the programme.

The Amazonian cruises of the Booth Line are with us all the year round, but the lower fares operate for the sailings of the *Anselm* on August 1 and the *Hilary* on September 7. The cruises occupy seven weeks, and all shore excursions are included. The first port of call after leaving Liverpool is Leixoes, and there is time for a visit to Oporto. The next day is spent at Lisbon, and visits are made to Cintra and Estoril. After a call at Madeira the liners make for the mighty river. They stop at Para, rather appropriately called the Gateway to the Amazon. This port is a quaint mixture with its electric trams running from the dock gates to the fringe of the jungle, and the atmosphere there is neither east nor west—just Amazonia.

WHERE THE SEA WINDS TEMPER THE SUMMER HEAT: The port of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, which has become so well known to many regular cruising holidaymakers

Visits can be made to the great park of Para, called the Bosque, and to the famous Zoological Gardens where there is an exceptionally fine collection of native Indian curios. After spending two or three days in Para, the voyage to Manaos, 1,000 miles up the river, is resumed.

The liner stays four or five days at Manaos, giving time for the town and the native quarters to be explored. One excursion is of special interest, to the Taruma Falls, situated in the heart of the neighbouring forest. Another excursion runs up the Solimoes, which has a breadth of 2 to 4 miles, to ponds and lagoons where the giant Victoria Regia water lilies grow.

For those interested in fishing, the Amazon waterways are richer in fish than any other river system in the world.

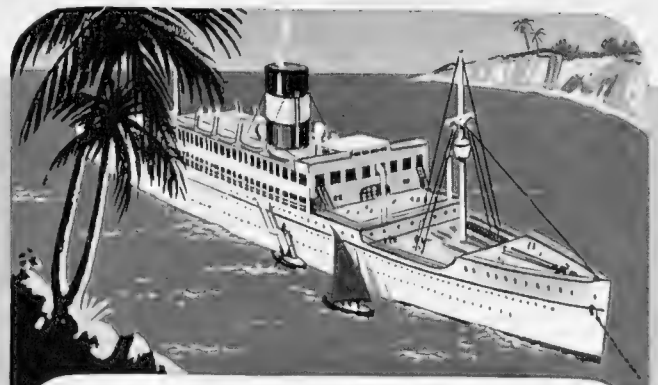
A cruise into North American waters is being made by the French liner *Colombie*, leaving Havre on August 13 for the Azores, New York and the St. Lawrence—an excellent round occupying thirty-one days.

Of the regular steamship services which may be used for cruising holidays, outstanding examples are those of the Union Castle liners to South Africa.

Cruising arrangements have to be made a long way ahead and although Christmas is five months away, itineraries for several cruises running well into 1940 have been available for some weeks. The *Franconia* (Cunard White Star) is again making a world cruise of over 40,000 miles. Cochin in Southern India, alluring Bali, and East London, in South Africa, are among the new ports of call. The new *Andes* (Royal Mail) will also make winter cruises, but more about these plans later on; we are now at the height of the cruising season in this part of the world.

B. B.

SUNSHINE CRUISING



BY T.S.S.

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ST. CYR AND THE GLORY OF FRENCH ARMS (*Continued from page* 126)

nascent new French Empire—Cyrards continue to plump for *les colonies*—and that by 1914, 30,000 officers had been given to the country since the School's creation.

A further 9,000 have to be added to this total, including the war.

You approach the School, as one should with a great chateau, up a tree-bordered avenue studded on either side with statues of France's great captains, Condé, Kléber, Turenne, Colbert, Hoche, there seems to be no order. You only notice that some silly ass of a sculptor put Marceau's stirrups on upside down, curiosity allowed to remain.

A St. Cyrien's initiation takes the form of his being presented to the Colours. The first flag was given by Napoleon and bore the inscription "They Learn in Order to Conquer." Louis-Philippe presented a second flag bearing the device "Honour and Country." The present Colours were presented in 1921 and bear on one side "French Republic, Special Military College," and on the other a telescoping of the past, "Honour and Country, First Battalion of France, They Learn in Order to Conquer."

A unique institution at St. Cyr is the Museum of Rembrance, in which are collected endless relics, uniforms, arms, letters, pictures, medals, even human hair, of former cadets who advanced to be famous or to win renown for heroism.

Busts, flags, portraits, *memories*. You cannot walk five yards at St. Cyr without being confronted with them. Here are some clerical relics. They belong to the late Abbé Lanusse, who was chaplain from 1871 to 1905, and was present at Magenta, Solferino, and Sedan. Over there, beneath glass, is the symbolical *casoar* or bunch of feathers for the headdress. This is the passport to St. Cyr, "the letter of credit." A cadet is given his feathers by his seniors, at the annual Triumph. Prior to that, he has been just a recruit. After that, he is an "officer-very-cyrard."

This baptism ceremony, when a class or a "Promotion" is given its label (kept secret until the last moment) is the high spot of the Triumph. When the whole company is assembled, an officer on horseback, surrounded by a staff, rides slowly on to the lawn. Napoleon! The horse, even, recalls Sultan. As for the staff—Lannes, Oudinot, Berthier, Murat, they are all recognisable. But, on the programme, the famous little figure is mentioned as "The System."

Anyway, "The System" proceeds to make a ringing address, replete with topical references to the "Promotion" on hand, and to its label. And at the close orders the cadets due to receive their first Commissions to go down on one knee. They do so, shako in one hand. It is the most stirring and solemn moment.

"What name do you wish to give this Promotion, General?" asks "The System" of the Commandant, who announces the name, and adds: "Rise, Officers!"

CONTINUATIONS

THE PETROL WORLD (*Cont. from page* 146)

with the headlamps permanently dipped. Every now and again a restless member of the opposing queue will pull out in order to overtake and nearly causes a head-on collision because he under-estimates the speed of my car or else finds that he is unable to take up a new position in his queue and has to remain on his wrong side.

On many occasions in these notes I have put forward the suggestion that some manufacturer should produce a car with a much smaller engine than is used to-day in the so-called baby car. As a matter of fact, the tendency appears to be to increase the size of the engine which, in view of the Budget provisions, seems rather absurd. Recently some foreigners have been establishing records with cars having diminutive engines. For instance, in Italy not two months ago a car with an engine of little more than a third of a litre covered a flying mile at a speed of 91 m.p.h.

Another Italian in a car having an engine the capacity of which is under half a litre achieved the fantastic speed of over 106 m.p.h. over the same distance. True, perhaps a mile is not a very great distance but the record book shows that another foreign car with an engine of approximately the same size has covered 200 miles at an average speed of almost 82 m.p.h. Now if these specially prepared foreign cars with these ridiculously small engines have put up performances such as I have indicated it is surely possible for our manufacturers, who have the reputation of being more skilled and more successful in the production of small-engined cars than any foreigner, to give the British public a satisfactory motor vehicle with an engine not larger than half a litre.

FRANCE GUARDS HER ANCIENT RESIDENCES (*Continued from page* 131)

show its former lamentable condition. When M. Halley, the able architect who is directing the restoration work, has completed his difficult task, the renovated Hôtel de Sens will be seen again in its original aspect and will be known as the Institut des Arts et Métiers de Paris. The restoration of the magnificent Hôtel de Rohan (which was completed last year under the direction of M. Denis), also situated in the old Marais quarter in Paris, presented quite as many difficulties as are at present being met with at the Hôtel de Sens. The illustrations on pages 130 and 131 tell their own story.

But it is not only in Paris, it is all over France that this restoration work is being carried out. Last year the President of the Republic officially "re-opened" the magnificent House of Jacques Coeur at Bourges. This also took ten years to restore. Jacques Coeur's House is perhaps the most complete and sumptuous abode of the Middle Ages that can be seen in France. Its architectural style is Gothic allied with elements of the early French Renaissance. It was built at enormous cost by Jacques Coeur, Minister of Finance to Charles VII, and one of the most extraordinary figures in history.

Alexander Watt

Two New Publications.—THE SPHERE has just prepared an illustrated record of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, containing newly taken pictures both in colour and photogravure. It is priced at 3s. 6d. (with postage, 3s. 10d.), and may be obtained from The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers, 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Another important new publication is *Inside Knowledge*, produced by the Illustrated London News, which contains 32 pages of the most elaborate and informative diagrammatic drawings showing the inner workings of British warships, liners, aeroplanes and other modern wonders whose internal operations so often remain to many of us in the nature of a mystery. The book, which is bound in a blue cover, is priced at 3s. 6d., and with postage is 4s. 3d. inland and 4s. 6d. foreign and Eire.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee desire to add a tribute to that already given in the Press, to Petty Officer Cecil Ernest Smithers, who succumbed in the submarine *Thetis* after having volunteered to accompany Lieutenant Woods in one of his attempts to shut the door of the No. 5 Torpedo Tube. Petty Officer Smithers was an old *Arethusa* boy and first stepped on board to receive his training for sea life in November, 1925. He bore an exceedingly good record when leaving the Training Ship. The Training Ship has had a full complement of "sailors in the making" since 1866, and there is to-day a long waiting list of new recruits. Donations and legacies are constantly needed to carry on this fine work, and such gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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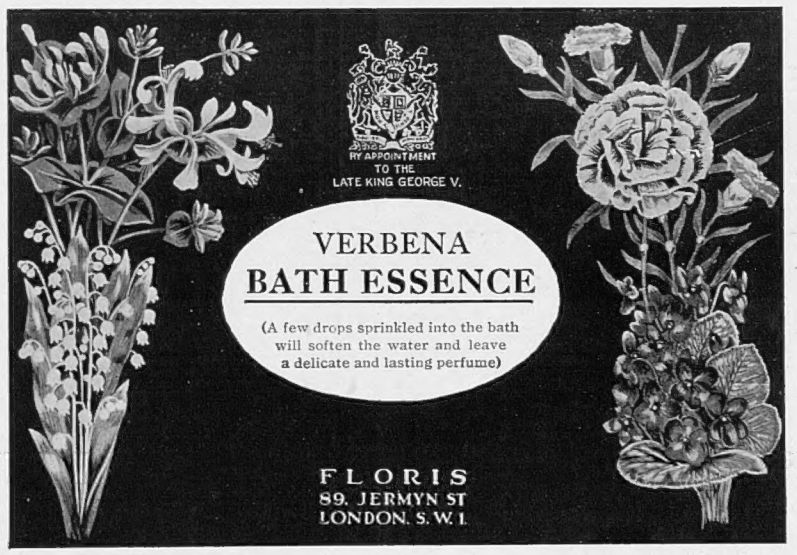

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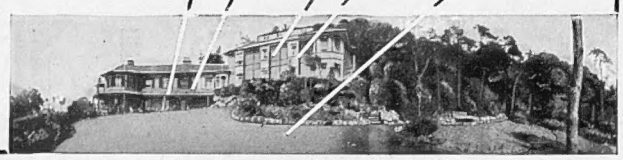

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In Quest of

Suggestions for Those Who Quietude and a His

I AM afraid I sometimes neglect — though I always try not to—the needs and pleasures of those who even in the height of summer like a quiet holiday in a seaside place. To satisfy them can be quite a difficult problem, for there are plenty of people who, while appreciating quiet, none the less require a degree of sophistication and possibilities of entertainment. And our seaside resorts—all credit to them—do concentrate for the most part in the months of August and September on catering for those who are out to have, above all, a jolly time on their annual holiday.

But I have in mind two places which are especially suitable for those whose taste leads them to look for quiet, and a high degree of comfort, in dignified, unpretentious surroundings. And, what is more, both places are so situated as to provide facilities for entertainment to satisfy the most captious critic. Their names? Hinton Firs, on the East Cliff at Bournemouth, and the Headland Hotel, Torquay. Perhaps your choice of hotel will be largely guided by your choice of place; for each of them can conscientiously be put in the "Highly Commended" class.

Let us take the smaller of the two first—Hinton Firs, which is a comparatively recent discovery of mine. You will find it conveniently situated in a quiet avenue on the East Cliff. It is an attractive white building, standing in a goodish-sized garden, and at first sight it looks for all the world like a country house—a beautiful old rectory, perhaps, but at any rate not what you would expect to find in a busy holiday town like Bournemouth.

This feeling is maintained inside. The greatest attention has been paid to decorations and furnishings, which have been chosen not only with a sense of comfort but with an eye to beauty.

It is people who appreciate such things who will be primarily attracted to it. And attracted they are, as you will find if you arrive there any day—winter or summer alike; for, while I believe that the hotel when full can hold something like forty visitors, there will be few weeks throughout the year when there are less than thirty staying there.

Hinton Firs, as you should be beginning to expect by now, is proud of its food, and there is no doubt that the excellence of the cuisine—not only originality of cooking, but also imagination in choice—is a great attraction to the type of people who stay there.

Lastly, mention must be made of the garden—not, perhaps, an outstanding garden in itself, but the finishing touch which is required to perfect the happy atmosphere of this hotel. Seated on a sunny summer afternoon in the garden, looking at the french windows of the house on one side of you, and the flower beds and the pine trees on the other side, you might well be forgiven for thinking that you were miles from a town, and indeed miles from the seaside, were it not for the tang of ozone which ever permeates the air, and the soft sound of the waves at the bottom of the East Cliff some fifty yards away.

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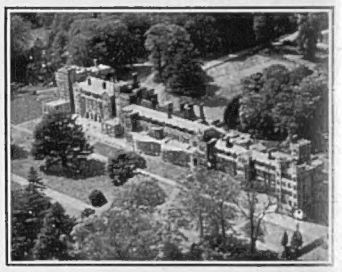
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Write for Illustrated Tariff: it's free.
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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Taste Leads Them to Look for Degree of Comfort

How shall I describe the Headland Hotel, Torquay, to indicate its attractions, its dignity, its size and its comforts without forgetting the personal atmosphere of friendliness which pervades it all? The word which I am most tempted to use, despite unfortunate associations, is "mansion." Here is a noble mansion if ever there was one, and a noble situation too. For it is literally a fact—and a fact which is true of very few hotels indeed—that every bedroom and public room at the Headland, Torquay, looks out over the sea. It is situated, as the name implies, on the point of one of the few little tongues of land which jut out from the main sweep of Torbay, and the sea surrounds it on three sides.

A mansion, then, is the Headland Hotel, but forget all the unpleasant associations with which the house agents have endowed this word. Think rather of cool, light rooms, with large windows and polished floors; of a sweeping, beautiful staircase, with paintings on the wall; of hotel servants who perform their duties as softly and alertly as country house servants; of a flower garden stretching to the very edge of the cliff; and of a sense of peace and perfection all too rare in these troubled times.

This is the Headland, Torquay, in essence; but in addition are a dozen more detailed attractions which add to its delights as an hotel and make true its claim to be "a very first-class private hotel." The Headland prides itself—as does Hinton Firs—on its atmosphere of quiet. But in one respect it is able to go one better; for it manages to do what so few of us can do in this world—both keep its cake and eat it!

On the one hand, it boasts of quiet as its great attraction. On the other hand, it offers dancing, squash, and all manner of recreations free to its visitors. How? The secret is that it is under the same direction as Torquay's most complete and luxurious hotel — the Grand, whose facilities for recreation are available for visitors at the Headland.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

Miss V. Norman, Cromer. —Your best plan undoubtedly is to make the Malvern Hotel your headquarters for the Malvern Theatre Festival. This is an old-established hotel with years of goodwill behind it, which has always been patronised by those who know "what's what." Incidentally, a magnificent new lounge and roof-garden has just been opened here, which is a considerable added attraction. You will find prices quite moderate, but you should write at once for accommodation, as time is now short.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

EAST OF SUEZ

He takes a look at the sun. Another two days and they berth at Colombo... meantime he's intent on his job. A stickler for precision, he likes to deal with dependable things. That pipe of "No Name", for example, is characteristic of the man. It satisfies an inherent desire for having everything ship-shape—including his tobacco.

For those who prefer a coarser cut—"No Name" BROAD CUT. The prices are the same.

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N.52.B.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Wellltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Colchester.—The George Hotel.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel. Gloucester Road. S.W.7.
Bryan House. Blackheath. S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl.. Queen's Gate Terrace. S.W.7
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel. Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*July 22, 1939*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.